

HOW YOUR COMPUTER CAN GET YOU LAID • 3-WAY LESBO LOVE-IN

On Our Backs

april.may
2003

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

SWEET MIDORI

on the cocks
with a twist

PINUP MADISON

a butch
and her bike

MICHELLE TEA

on the
road with
sex workers

plus:

69 on
Route 66

Goth Sex
Adventure

Caught!
Readers
Tell All

\$5.95 US

\$8.95 CANADA



NOT TO BE SOLD TO PERSONS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE

www.onourbacksmag.com



How to find your G-spot

The G-spot is often portrayed as a mysterious location on a woman's body that plays hide-and-seek with those who look for it. In fact, every woman has a G-spot – and it's always in the same place.

The G-spot is about two inches inside the vagina towards the belly, right behind the pubic bone. It's composed of spongy tissue that is wrapped around the urethra. When a woman is aroused, it becomes thicker as it fills with fluid and can be felt through the vaginal wall. Angle your penetration or select a curved sex toy and apply firm rhythmic pressure to pleasure the G-spot. Some women find this sensation highly sexual and some women expel a clear fluid called female ejaculate (it's not urine) from G-spot stimulation. Not every woman loves having it pressed or otherwise stimulated. You'll just have to try it for yourself.



Nubby G, \$18

TOYS
in Babeland

Gear and Guidance from Your
Dyke Owned Sex Toy Store

New York: 94 Rivington St. 212-375-1701 Seattle: 707 E. Pike St. 206-328-2914

www.babeland.com 1-800-658-9119

MedicalToys.com

The original source for Medical and Nurse Fetish!

Strait Jackets
Clinic Supplies
Glass Dongs
Enemas
Specula

Nurse Uniforms
Cupping Sets
Medical Gags
Leg Braces
Mummy Bags
Dilators
Clinical Restraints
Bondage Wraps
Photo Gallery



3144 Broadway, Suite #4-245
Eureka, CA 95501-3838

Order Line: 1-800-791-3931
FAX Line: 1-800-656-4480

<http://www.MedicalToys.com>
Nurse@MedicalToys.com



\$5.00
Catalogue

...or get one free with every order!

note: checks or money orders are payable to S&M Visions

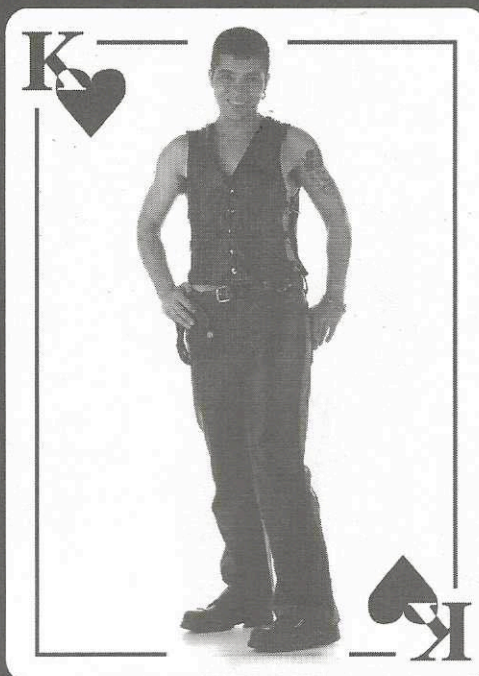


**Leather, Vinyl & Rubber
Dildo Harness'
&
Bondage Play Toys**

**www.ASLANLeather.com
(877) 467-1526 toll free**

Wholesale Inquiries Welcome!

*...For The King
Of Your Heart*



Betty Dodson's ♥ Vaginal Barbell

First Vaginal Exerciser Designed by a Woman Sexologist

Distributed by Betty's Sex Shop www.bettydodson.com

**\$69.95 plus \$8 s&h to US, \$10 Canada, \$12 International.
Buy online, or call 866-877-9676 toll free, or mail check or
money order to Dr. Betty Dodson, Box 1933 Murray Hill,
New York, NY 10156. VISA or MC, credit card number, exp.**

OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Volume 17 . Issue 06

managing editor Diana Cage

editor at large Tristan Taormino

editorial assistants Rachel Kramer Bussel, Marie McAllister

copy editors Yetta Howard, Kylie Johnston

contributing editors Nina Hartley, Rachel Venning,
Laura Weide

contributing writers Cara Bruce, Greta Christina,
Zille Defeu, Annie Stangl, Michelle Tea

creative director Ethan Duran

production assistant Rani Goel

associate photographers Phyllis Christopher, Michele Serchuk

contributing photographers Chloe Atkins, Kelly Brill, Ricky Lee,
Liesel Rubin, Janet Ryan,
David Steinberg

contributing artists Fish, Rebecca, Rosemary Van Deuren

associate publisher Catherine Draper

account manager Laura Baca

advertising assistant Felice Archbold

circulation director Heather Petrocelli

circulation assistant April Hawkins

circulation intern Karen Mahnke

H. A. F. Enterprises

*publisher of On Our Backs, Girlfriends,
and Inside Pride*

publisher Erin Findlay

editor in chief Heather Findlay

3415 César Chávez, Suite 101

San Francisco, CA 94110

phone 415.648.9464

fax 415.648.4705

editorial@onourbacksmag.com

Manuscripts, guideline requests, and letters to the editor should be directed to **On Our Backs** at the above address. The records required by 18 U.S. Code 2257 [a] through [c] and the pertinent Regulations 28 CFR, Ch. 1, part 75 with respect to this publication [**On Our Backs**] and all materials associated with such records are maintained by Heather Findlay, editor in chief, at 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110, and are available for inspections and review by the Attorney General at all reasonable times. The reproduction of this magazine in whole or part is prohibited. Publication of the name or photograph of any persons appearing, advertising, or listing in **On Our Backs** may not be taken as indication of the sexual orientation of that individual or group unless specifically stated. All of the models in the magazine are 18 years or older. This magazine is intended for adults only and should not be provided to minors under the age of 18.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

For orders, address changes, or renewals call toll-free 1.877.XXX.OOBS [1.877.999.6627] 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. CST, or write H.A.F. Enterprises, P.O. Box 500, Missouri City, TX 77459-0500. One-year subscriptions are \$34.95 [Canadian subscribers add \$10; all other foreign subscribers add \$15] and include six issues. Single issues \$5.95. U.S. funds only. Visa/MC, checks, and money orders accepted.

SUBSCRIPTION QUESTIONS?

CALL 1.877.XXX.OOBS
[1.877.999.6627]

On Our Backs [ISSN # 0890-2224] is published bimonthly by H.A.F. Enterprises, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110. One-year subscriptions \$34.95 [Canadian subscribers add \$10, other foreign subscribers add \$15]. Periodicals Postage Paid at San Francisco, CA and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to **On Our Backs**, d/b/a H.A.F. Enterprises, P.O. Box 500, Missouri City, TX 77459-0500

PRINTED IN CANADA

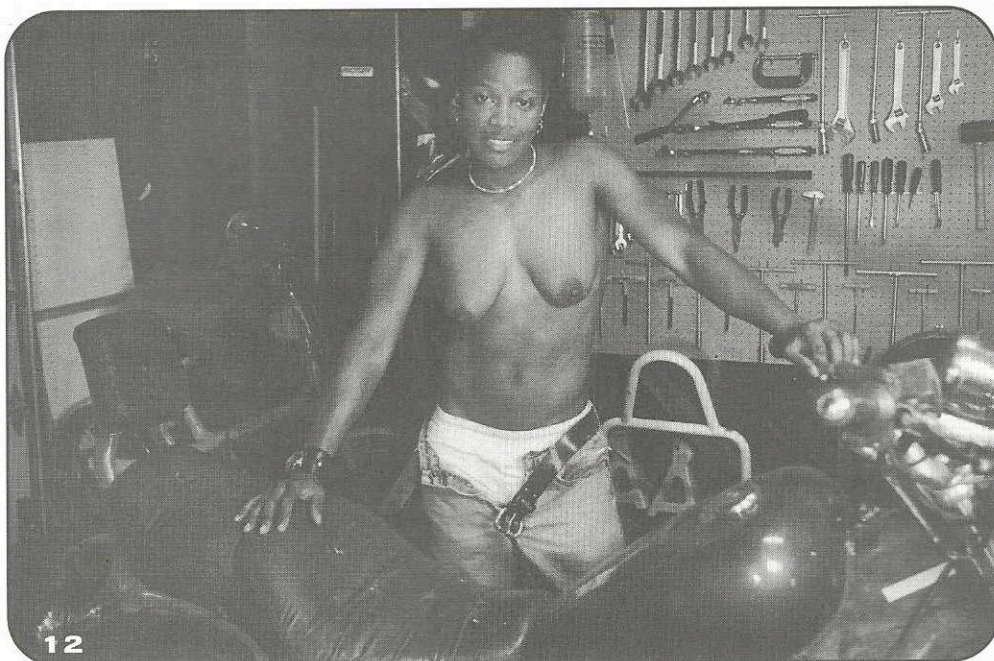
www.onourbacksmag.com

OnOurBacks . 02 . april.may2003

contents

• april.may2003

on the cover . Midori + HB . photography by **Michele Serchuk**



12

features

Cruising the Web . 28

How dykes are using the Web to get laid
by Cara Bruce

The On Our Backs Interview . 30

Michelle Tea talks to Annie Oakley

View From the Fourteenth Floor . 38

A personal ad leads to degradation,
humiliation, and penetration
fiction by Greta Christina

Orgy on Route 66 . 40

Their gay travel guide leads five dykes into one bed
fiction by Annie Stangl



40

babes

Madison . 12

photography by Phyllis Christopher

Passion and Pleasure . 22

photography by Michele Serchuk

The Gopi Sisters . 32

photography by David Steinberg

Climax . 48

photography by Janet Ryan



30

departments

postcard from the editor . 04

letters . 06

adventure girl . 08

Zille Defeu has sex at a Goth show

advice . 10

Probe Nina Hartley for the answers

how.to . 11

Play with her breasts by Diana Cage

media.whore . 43

Samantha Fox, Salma Hayek

backtalk . 46

"Have you ever been caught fucking?"

reviews

read.it . 16

try.it . 18

click.it . 18

watch.it . 20

Pulp Friction Porn by Laura Weide



22



32

Losing My Porn Cherry

I saw my first copy of **On Our Backs** at Good Vibrations. I loved it so much I almost jerked off in their dressing room. And this year the store that popped my porn cherry celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary and opened a whole new store. Congratulations!

The issue you hold in your hands is chock-full of naked dykes and hot smut. The rippling muscles on pinup babe Madison (p. 12) gave photographer Phyllis Christopher and me heart palpitations. And because breasts are often associated with het porn, they sometimes get overlooked in dyke sex. To rectify that, we've included a how-to on breast-play (p. 11) that we hope will lead to many nipple orgasms. Finally, on page 32, three beautiful women—one of whom is transgendered—have a rocking *menage a trois*.

On another note: **On Our Backs** has once again run into trouble with Canadian censorship. Wholesalers balked at carrying the February/March 2003 issue due to "offensive" pictures of *domme* Cleo tying up her butch lover. But we assure you that we're still committed to portraying authentic dyke sex in all its forms.

Diana Cage

Diana Cage, Managing Editor

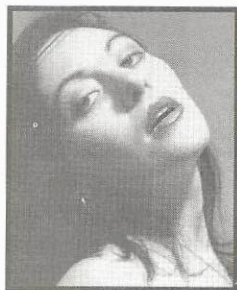


My best friend Fluffy and I with former **On Our Backs** cover models Cheri and Amy at Good Vibrations' twenty-fifth anniversary party.

contributors



Our intrepid interviewer **Michelle Tea** (p. 30) had a heart to heart with the fabulous Annie Oakley while they were on tour together. Michelle lives in San Francisco, where she sits in her orange parlor and plays board games 'til the wee hours of the morning. Performing on last year's Sex Workers Art Show Tour was one of the highlights of her life. She has recently discovered that she can cook. She is the author of several books, most recently *The Chelsea Whistle*.



When **Zille Defeu** isn't making a guest appearance as "Adventure Girl" (p. 08) she keeps busy doing her own site, DarkPlay.net, and working on a whole network of lesbian erotic sites. She doesn't really have any spare time, but sometimes she stops working for a while to snuggle with her wife Alexi, rub their kitty's belly, cook dinner, and do something with words that either involves reading them or writing them.



We know you will enjoy **Greta Christina's** steamy story, "View From the Fourteenth Floor" on page 38. Greta claims to have been writing about sex since God's bar mitzvah. Her work has appeared in *Ms.* and *Penthouse* magazines as well as **On Our Backs**, an assortment she finds highly amusing. She has a story in the *Best American Erotica* 2003 collection, so run out and buy one today.



Gina de Vries queried everyone she knew to gather the steamy answers for this month's Backtalk (p. 46). Her writings have also appeared in *Revolutionary Voices* magazine and she is an active board member for the *Youth Gender Project* in San Francisco. The twenty-year-old femme has been active in queer and sex-positive communities since she came out at the age of eleven. She is currently editing an anthology about the queer youth experience.

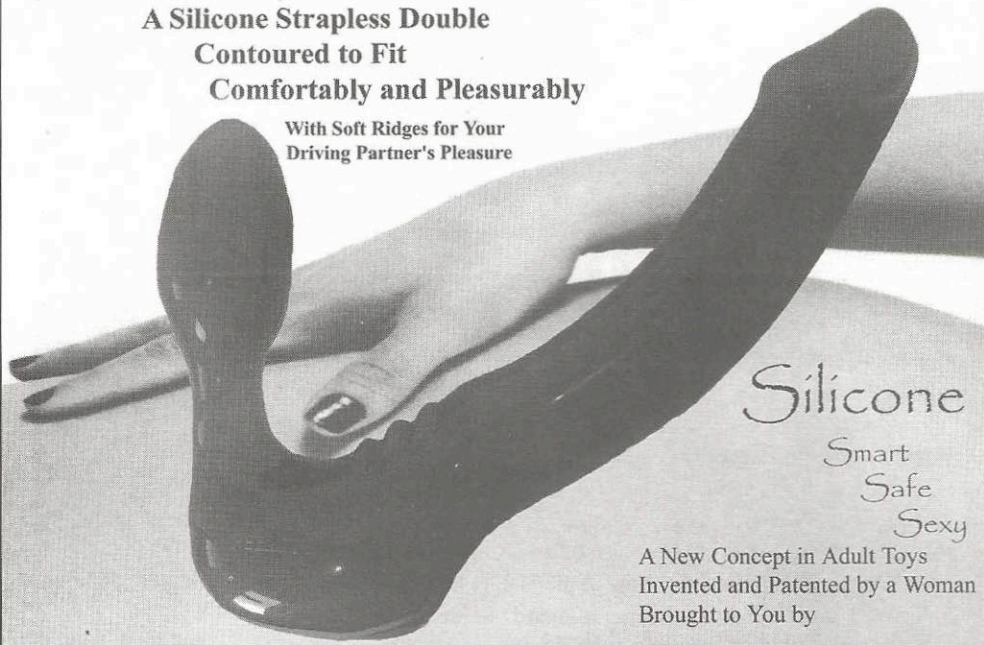


Always up for a new challenge from **On Our Backs**, painter, sculptor, and pervert **Rosemary Van Deuren** had oodles of sweaty fun illustrating the orgy scene for "Orgy on Route 66" on page 40. In addition to other magazine illustration and gallery work, Rosemary recently did a concert flyer for the band Rasputina for their *Cabin Fever!* tour.

FEELDOE®

A Silicone Strapless Double
Contoured to Fit
Comfortably and Pleasurably

With Soft Ridges for Your
Driving Partner's Pleasure



Silicone
Smart
Safe
Sexy

A New Concept in Adult Toys
Invented and Patented by a Woman
Brought to You by

"It looks a bit strange and we were skeptical at first, but the pleasure that this toy delivers for both parties involved (its also great for solo play!) exceeds anything that we have ever tested." JT's Stockroom

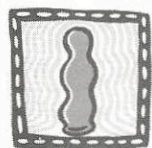
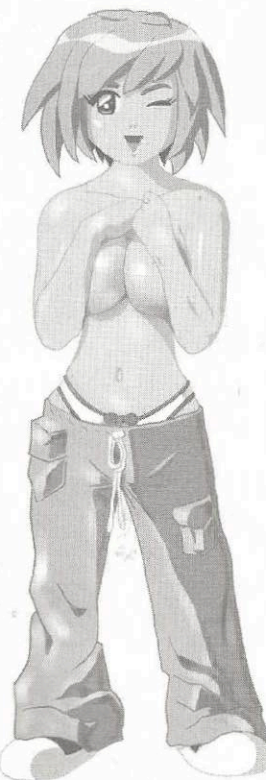
"Magic." Good Vibrations

Tantus
INC

Wholesale Info 719.391.4200 or sales@tantussilicone.com www.TantusSilicone.com

eroticBPM.com

music, community, subculture, and erotica



* * *
come
as you are

Canada's largest selection of

SEX TOYS & GEAR

BOOKS, VIDEOS & DVDS

SAFE, SLIPPERY & SENSUAL STUFF

online catalogue!

www.comeasyouare.com

toll-free 1-877-858-3160

WORKER OWNED & OPERATED! | PAPER CATALOGUE AVAILABLE

CELEBRATING WOMEN'S SEXUALITY IN A
COZY, COMFORTABLE ENVIRONMENT



Find
high quality
vibrators,
dildos, books,
art and
more

call for your femail-order catalogue

Toronto, Canada

(416) 588-0900

toll free 1-877-588-0900

www.goodforher.com



left to their own devices



REBECCA MCBRIDE

Knocked-Up Knockout

Photographer Rebecca McBride did an absolutely fabulous job on your February/March cover. Bleu is the hottest pregnant dyke I have ever seen. She looks so awesome in the bathtub. I think **On Our Backs** should do a follow-up pictorial on her. If she is still single than maybe we could help Bleu find somebody willing to fist her in the right position.

Amanda [last name withheld]

Via the Internet

Northern Annihilation

I was equally parts shocked, saddened, and enraged when I read that **On Our Backs** was banned in Canada (e-Newsletter, February 2003). This is a magazine for adults and we should be able to purchase and see whatever we damn well please. "Opening the Doors to Pleasure" (February/March 2003) was well-written and the images illustrated the journey that Cleo and her boi took in their own self discovery. Regarding the cover, I found it empowering to see a pregnant dyke.

E. Rodriguez

Via the Internet

Seana + Kati = Snore

I am a long-time reader, and was thoroughly disappointed with the pictorial of Seana and Katie in the February/March 2003 issue. Although both are cute grrls, their sex

appeared mechanical and routine. The "Sick of Strap-ons" and "Vanilla Craving" letters are certainly not representative of most **On Our Backs** readers! **On Our Backs** is one of the only publications that successfully bridges the dyke and trans communities. Please don't give up on the wonderful, progressive work you are doing.

Brianna O'Connor Hersey

Via the Internet

Kink Appreciation

I don't think the "Vanilla Cravings" letter in the February/March 2003 issue is at all representative of your readership. I, for one, heartily appreciate diversity in all its funky and flavorful forms and am pleased and delighted to find a magazine that dares to be different. Transgenderism, kink, strap-ons, you name it, **On Our Backs** has it! Not everything in every issue is bound to be a personal turn-on, but it is sure to broaden my understanding of the wild and exciting world of dyke sex. Keep up the good work.

Jen [last name withheld]

Via the Internet

As a part of your extensive kink-loving, BDSM-practicing, tranny-humping readership, I fully endorse the inclusion of "non-normative" material in your fine publication. I wonder what other readers mean when they request more vanilla sex. I shudder to think that the humdrum script of two white grrls making poorly postured efforts to appear as if they're having a good time is the thing your vanilla-loving readers demand.

Pascal [last name withheld]

Via the Internet

Begging for More

I would like to see more butches, more pussy, more naked women, and more kink! And please print in color! But while I do wish the magazine were more explicit, I still thank you so much for the wonderful smut, and especially for your photos of butch women and transgendered people. As someone who has been modeling nude and performing in pornographic videos for five (count 'em! five!) years, it is refreshingly wonderful to find something that I can still get off on and that caters to my under-

represented fantasies of butches and TG/TSs. Keep up your wonderful work!

Lena Ramon

Via the Internet

Sent Over the Top

"The Sending" by T.J. Bryan (December/January 2002) was awesome! More, more, more, pretty please! That didn't just read—it moved, shook, and rattled. Please publish more fiction like this.

Andrea [last name withheld]

Via the Internet

Toys That Cum Through

Thanks a million for "Toys That Have Come My Way" (**On Our Backs** e-Newsletter October 2002). I loved the Feeldoe, a silicone double that works without a harness. Grrl, don't bother me now! It is so disappointing to spend high dollars on toys that wimp out. Keep them cummin'!

Kim Wallick

Cincinnati, Ohio

Out of Balance

Occasionally I choose to not purchase your magazine because I am not into leather or fetish, and though I can appreciate those who are, I think the magazine needs more balance. I would like to see more fat women, more curves, as well as more penetration.

Cynthia [last name withheld]

Toronto, Canada

Hot Spots

I just reread "Cruising Dykes in the Park" by Shorona se Mbessakwini (February/March 2002 issue). Are the dykes truly taking over this particular park the first Sunday of every month? If so, which park? This femme stuck in the middle of god-forsaken Wyoming would love to have a really good time on her trip to your fair city.

Ann [last name withheld]

Via the Internet

The best place to get the scoop on current San Francisco cruising spots is Craigslist. Check it out at www.craigslist.org/sfo/w4w.

talk to us sweet, talk to us

dirty. Send your letters via e-mail to letters@onourbacksmag.com; via fax to 415.648.4705; or write **On Our Backs** magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.



obs

phone orders call
1.877.XXX.OOBS
[1.877.999.6627]

\$34.95
one year = 6 issues

\$54.95
two years = 12 issues

\$44.95
one year, canada

\$49.95
one year,
all other countries

photography by
kelly brill

OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Sex at a Goth Show

by Zille Defeu

illustration by Fish



My wife Alexi and I don't make it to a lot of shows these days. The Goth/industrial music we both love doesn't hold up as well to live performances, and the costs are too prohibitive. But when one of our favorite Goth bands came to town we couldn't resist. We both got decked out in our finest black frills, white face powder, and black lip and eye make-up, and flocked with the other black birds to the show. (I've often felt that a gathering of Goths should be called an "angst" of Goths.)

The crowd was made up mostly of gals. Alexi and I made the rounds, greeting old friends and flirting with most everyone. Alexi is a big strong butch and I've become used to being the sweet soft femme around her. And I'm usually the one being pursued—but put me around other sweet, feminine girlies, and suddenly I am grasping hands and placing them to my lips while making lustful eye contact. Or engaging the lovely gal in a conversation rife with seduction and sexual innuendo. Ah, I do love being a woman—any man trying to say the things I get away with would be slapped, or worse! I made out with a girl who had a beautiful shaved head, while Alexi chatted up a girl with a long Mohawk I had once had an encounter with.

Conversation with the ladies was impossible once the first band began playing. Since we had really come to see the headlining band, Alexi and I slipped into the bathroom to kill some time.

Honestly, I hadn't planned on having sex with Alexi, but the room was empty; how often does that happen in a concert hall full of women? Anyway, the idea is never very far from my mind.

The flirting left me feeling frisky and full of myself, so I pushed Alexi up against the purple-painted wall. I do not usually engage

in public sex because public spaces are never as clean as I would like. Also public sex must be furtive; furtive implies quick, and I think sex should never be rushed. But there is something, some brain-melting lust, that occasionally makes it imperative to have sex Here and Now, and the consequences be damned!

So I had Alexi up against the wall, and I was fumbling with the laces of the black swordsman's shirt she was wearing, all while pressing other fingers to the crotch of her tight black pants, and whispering in her ear. But she was simply not in the right outfit to get fucked, and it proved to be impossible to get into her pants—literally! I do think that with a bit more patience I could have managed it, but her patience was shorter than mine. She flipped me around and thrust me hard up against the wall.

Luckily my outfit provided much easier access. My long velvet dress was off the shoulder, and was easily pulled down to expose my breasts, which Alexi covered in black lipstick kiss marks and red bite marks. The long skirt of the dress was hiked just as easily up to my waist. I was suddenly very glad that I do not wear underwear (just a fishnet garter belt that day!) because Alexi's fingers were teasing around my clit hood and labia piercings, lightly caressing my shaved pink folds.

We didn't have long for foreplay, but the thrill and excitement of doing it right there made it unnecessary. I was dripping and ready as she slid a finger, then two inside me. I have no idea how long it took, but soon enough I was gasping and trying to climb backward up the wall.

We realized that we had probably taken up a great deal of time in the bathroom stall and that other gals might need it for sex, or even just its usual function, but we still took

the time to try and unsmudge our faces as best we could. It was mainly pointless—black lipstick is one of the most stubborn stains of all, especially on skin! When we were satisfied we had done all we could, we stepped blithely and innocently out of the stall.

It fooled no one. The two Goth girls who were in the bathroom smirked at us and then went back to doing their lipstick. We

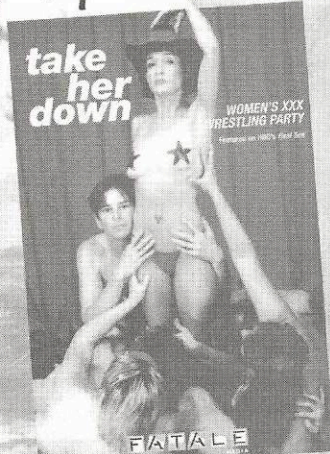
the flirting left
me feeling frisky
and full of myself,
so I pushed Alexi
up against the
purple-painted wall.

joined them, too satisfied and happy to blush under our pale powder.

Somehow we had timed it perfectly. We completely missed the opening band and came out just in time to get good front-stage spots while everyone mulled around during the break. The headlining band was terrible; the lead singer was so drunk she kept forgetting the lyrics. Alexi and I didn't care at all. I snuggled in her arms and we swayed in time to the wretched music.

Every issue, **adventure girl** sets off for another sexcapade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; e-mail: editorial@onourbacksmag.com.

Explicit, authentic, sexy lesbian videos



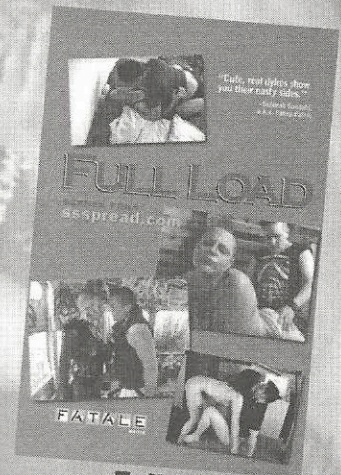
Take Her Down!
Lesbian Erotic Oil Wrestling Party
\$39.95 VHS Color. 80 minutes

New from
FATALE
MEDIA

To order these and other
Fatale videos, visit our
Web site or call
1-888-5-FATALE
for your free catalogue.

Visa, MC, AE accepted.
Overnight and two-day shipping
available in the U.S.
Free gift wrap. We ship worldwide.

1537 Fourth Street, Ste. 193
San Rafael, CA 94901
+1-415-454-3291
www.fatalemedia.com



Full Load:
Scenes from ssspread.com
Lesbian and FTM raw sex!
\$39.95 VHS Color. 100 minutes

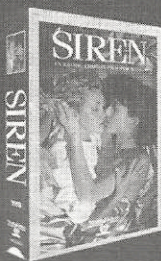
PHOTO: SONIRA GOODWIN

PHOTO: SSSPREAD.COM

Dominating the World in Lesbian & Gay Entertainment



Please Don't Stop
(Good Vibrations)



Siren



**Hard Love &
How to Fuck in
High Heels**



**Sugar High
Glitter City**



tlabooks.com
Your source for LGBT books!

Special Internet Offer!
10% off total order (\$25 minimum)
(use sales code: ob1001)

Find out why 200,000 customers choose...

since 1985
tlavideo.com

Picture courtesy of: Forms of Desire. Copyrighted 1998 by Doris Kloster, St. Martin's Press

Over 1,200 Lesbian titles.
To place an order call **800-333-8521**

OURBK1001

Stay Warm



Hello Kitty Vibe, \$30

TOYS
in Babeland

Sex Toys for a Passionate World

94 Rivington St. New York 212-375-1701
707 E. Pike St. Seattle 206-328-2914
www.babeland.com 1-800-658-9119

advice

Probe Nina



CHLOE ATKINS

Head Trips

I love my girl and we have great sex, but for some reason I find that when we're fucking, my mind often wanders off on some weird tangent. I think about errands, work, or something else. I can focus better when I'm stoned, but that doesn't happen too often. When I'm more focused, I also get more wet too, and that's a big bonus! What can I do?

First, don't worry: you're perfectly normal. It took me years to teach myself to stay in my body, in the moment, with my partner. Even now I can't always do it. Each time your mind wanders, gently bring it back by breathing, squeezing your pubococcygeal (PC) muscles, touching, or otherwise communicating with your lover, and thinking a nasty sex thought. Being a little high is definitely a plus for a lot of people, so don't beat yourself up for that, either. Sex for One is a great book for learning how to become more focused during solo sex, which is a good place to practice for sex with a partner. Sex play, like any physical skill or marital art, takes time and attention to master. The most important thing is that you're motivated, so get practicing!

Dildo Decorum

I'm a twenty-two-year-old lesbian and I know that I like to use strap-ons when having sex with women. But how can I tell my new girlfriend that I want to use it on her? And does the fact that I like to wear strap-ons make me a weirdo?

You're not a weirdo, so you can stop worrying about that. I don't know how deep into the sexual dance you are with this woman already, but if you've fucked at all, you should have an idea if she is into penetration. It's just a short trip from a hand-held dildo to a strap-on. If you don't know her preference on dildos, I've always

found that the best way to get what you want in bed is to respect the woman's intelligence and ask her something like, "Has anyone ever worn a strap-on with you?" Depending on her answer, you can reply, "Would you like to try it?" or "Cool, because I'd like to do that with you, too." If she's shy, be ready to be gentle with her, and do your best to make it as fun for her as possible so she'll want more. I adore fucking women with strap-ons and have a collection of at least twenty different shapes and sizes, though most women end up choosing among the same few. I just love women who love to get fucked!

Boinking Outside the Box

I have always found difficulty with the need to classify my sexual orientation. I have had a male partner for four years now, and easily can see us spending much longer together. However, whenever I fantasize or masturbate, I always think about tits and pussy. Am I doomed?

Doomed to what, a lifetime of lusty sex? It sounds like you are lucky enough to be comfortable with your sexual expression as it is. We often fantasize about things we'd like to try—or not. If you feel a need to actually live out your lesbian fantasies, and your current partner isn't into sharing or polyamory or swinging or whatever you want to call it, then you may be doomed to decide what's more important to you: the relationship or your desire for sexual adventures. Check out The Ethical Slut for a great read on claiming your sexuality, just as it is, or if you need further proof that you're just fine.

Nina Hartley is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Mail: Probe Nina, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; Fax: 415.648.4705; e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

Play with Her Tits

by Diana Cage

The prevalence of big-titted bimbos in mainstream porn has led many a lesbian to believe that breast obsessions are decidedly hetero. But I'm here to tell you that's not true. Lesbians like tits too! I've got a thing for big boobs, and I'm not ashamed to admit it.

Big or small or in between, they are a super-charged erogenous zone (as well as wonderful to gaze upon). Nipples can be extremely sensitive and in many women there is a direct, almost electrical, connection between the nipples and the clit. I know women who can orgasm from nipple-play alone, and if that isn't a reason to explore serious breast-play, then I can't imagine what is.

1. Warm Her Up.

Want her to shudder at your every touch? Start lightly. Gently stroke the sides of her breasts with your fingertips and the palm of your hand. Touch her softly; tease her, until she starts to ache for more. Wait until she's actually pressing herself against your hands before you give her the stronger sensation she's craving. For the strokee: entice her. Find out what she likes to look at. Wear

THE BUTCH BODY

Some butches feel ambivalent toward their breasts. Perhaps they never learned to eroticize them or they feel uncomfortable with the idea of tit-play because breasts are seen as girly parts. Breasts can be an outward indication of a femininity that butch dykes don't feel inwardly in touch with. If this is the case, remind her that boys have nipples too and there is nothing specifically feminine about enjoying them. Gay men love to have their tits tugged and worked. The butchest of hard-core leathermen know all about the pleasures of tit-play. Try referring to her breasts as her pecs and treat her like a fag. You could open up a whole new erogenous zone for her.

revealing tops. Busty? Push-up bras are good. Corsets are even better. Small breasts look great braless, especially beneath tight, white T-shirts.

2. Nipples Are for Sucking.

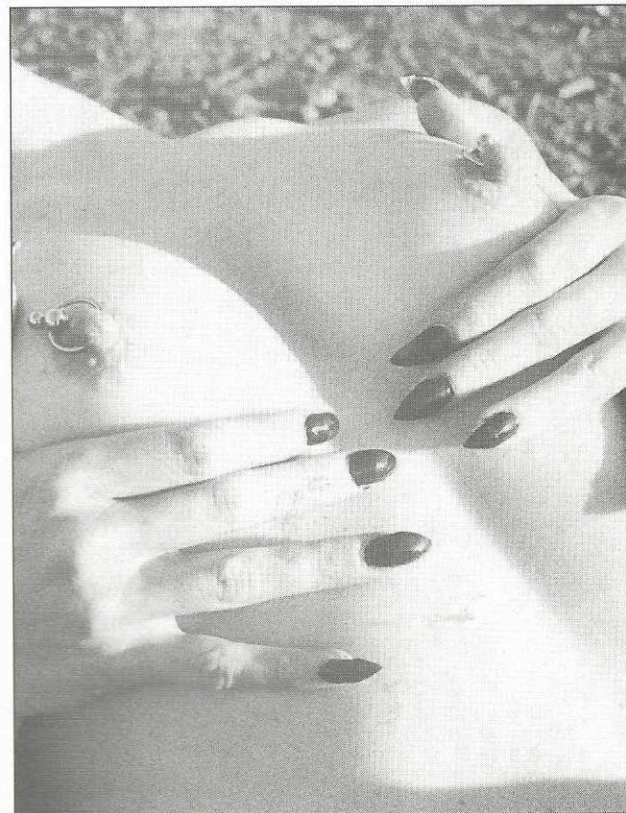
Nipples feel fantastic between your lips and under your tongue. Wet her erect nipples with your mouth before blowing cool air on them. Nibble and suck them, but first gauge her pain tolerance. If she says "harder, harder" you can bet you're doing it right. If her breasts are large she might be able to suck her own nipples. Ask her to perform for you. Is she lactating? If you are fluid-bonded, taste her milk.

3. Different Strokes.

Try out different types of sensation on her until you find something that drives her wild. Rub an erect nipple with ice, then wrap your warm lips around it. Different temperatures will elicit different responses. You can bite them hard or nuzzle them softly. Squeeze her breasts firmly with your hands. Pinch her nipples, gradually increasing the intensity. Try brushing them with different textures. Hard, scratchy things are exquisite torture. Soft, fuzzy things will make her purr. Here, kitty!

4. Clamp Down.

Nipple clamps, clothespins, barrettes, and other pinchy things can be used to keep the nipple stimulation going while your hands and mouth are busy elsewhere. If the clamps have a chain connecting them, pull it while you lick her pussy. Or have her keep it in her mouth like a bridle while you fuck her. Keep in mind that clamps restrict blood flow to the tissue. Once the initial shock of pain subsides, she'll feel a dull ache. But



the pain comes back—hard—when you remove the clamps and blood flows rapidly back into the area. Don't leave them on for too long. You can damage tissue. Twenty to thirty minutes maximum is a good rule.

5. Piercings Are Fun.

Piercings are more than just decoration. Many people find that nipple piercings make their nips more sensitive. Try tugging the rings or barbells with your teeth or rolling them around in your mouth. Always make sure a piercing is completely healed before you play with it.

6. Tittyfucking.

Seeing your cock buried between a woman's soft breasts is a visual thrill that can't be beat. Lube up your dildo and her chest with something non-sticky. Hand lotion and silicone lube work well. Water-based lube will dry too quickly. If she's tall enough, have her kneel in front of you and push her breasts together. Then slide your cock between them, back and forth. Build up a good rhythm—really let yourself go. For the fuckee: that big rod sliding back and forth between your boobs feels pretty good, doesn't it? I bet you've never felt so objectified before. Isn't it hot? oob



madison

This chopper-riding butch will rev you up
photography by Phyllis Christopher

Name: Madison

Age: 29

Identity: Lesbian

Status: Dating

Her favorite sex toy: The magic wand is my favorite solo toy. It gives me a quick fix. But when I'm with someone, my favorite is strappin' it on.

The thing she can't live

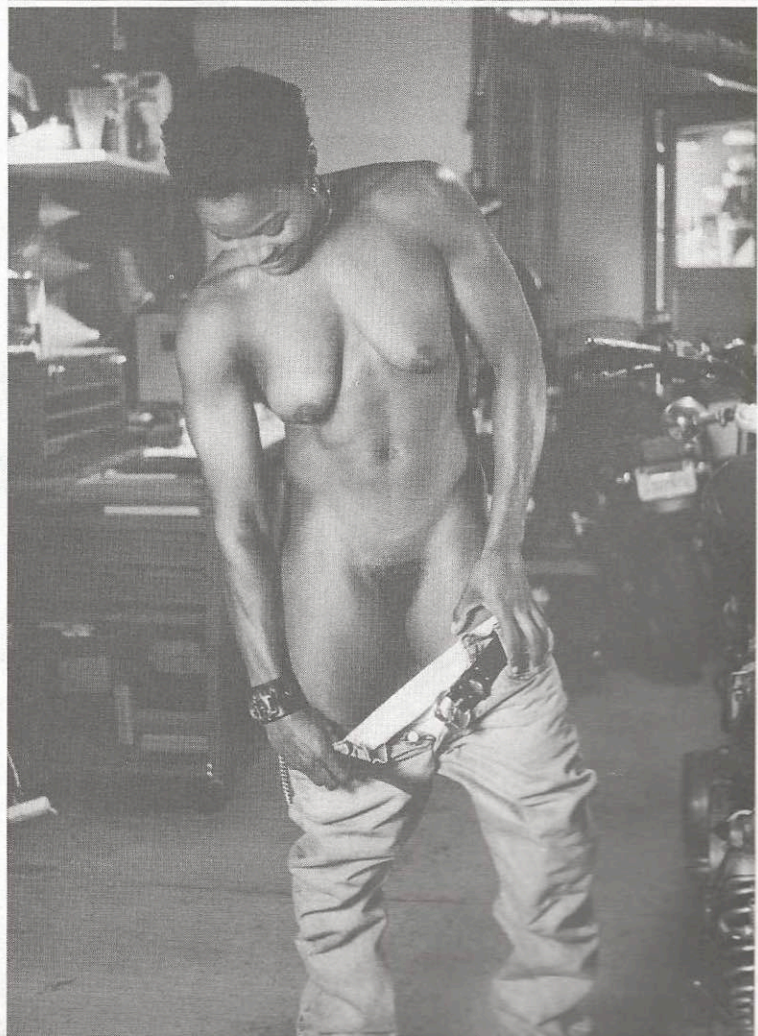
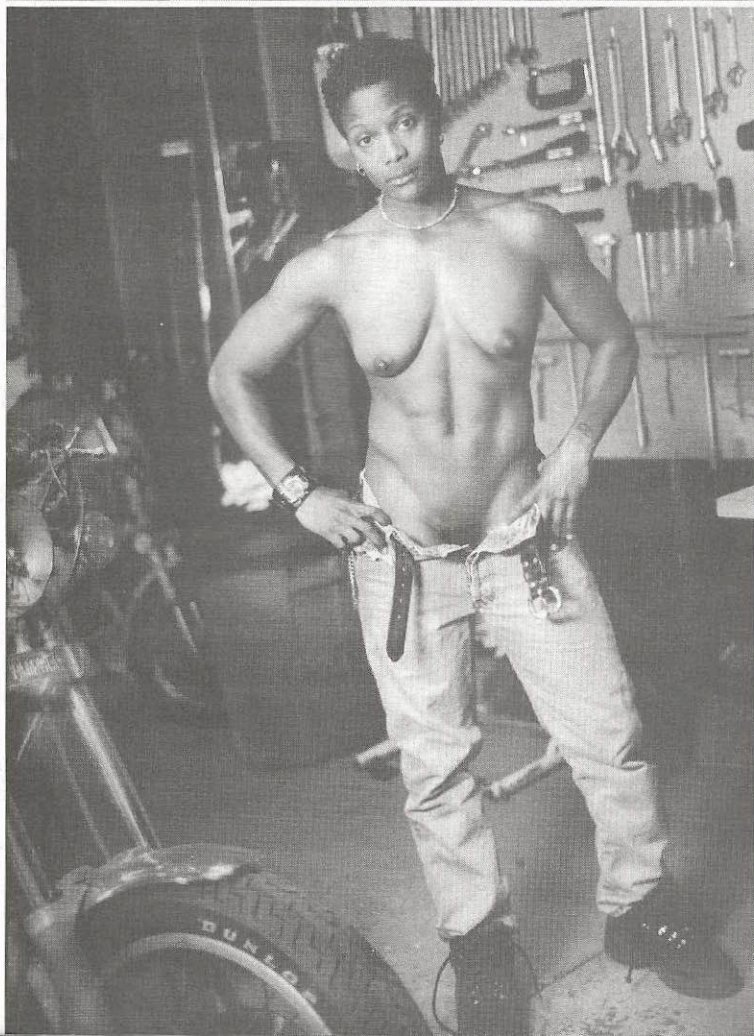
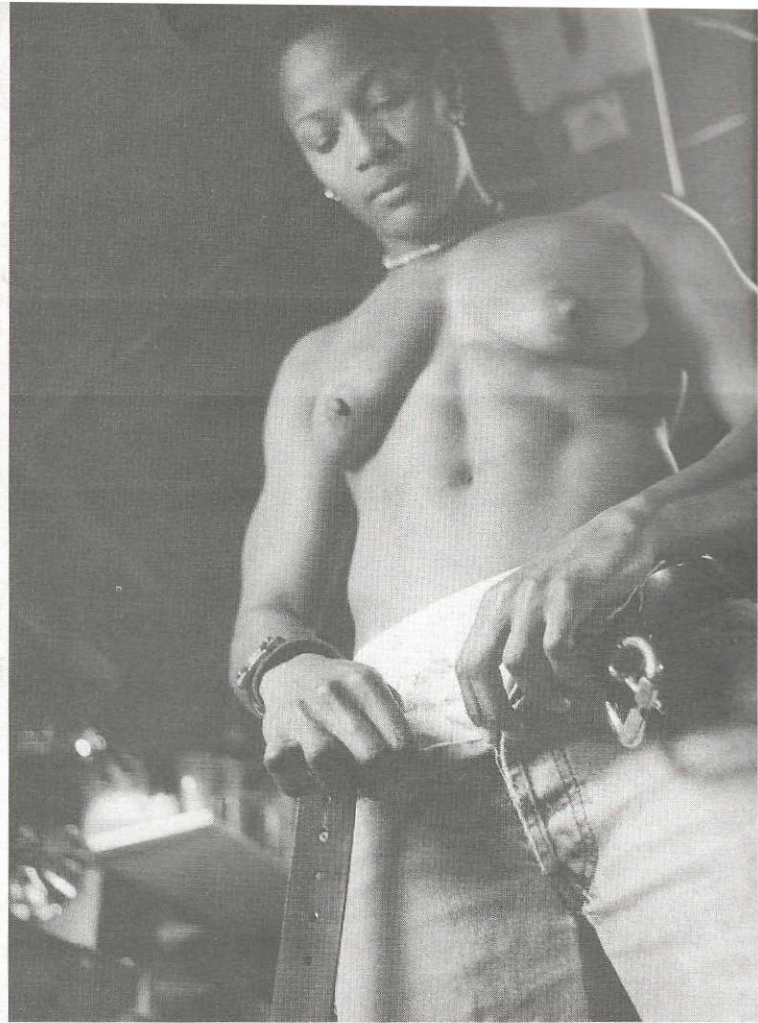
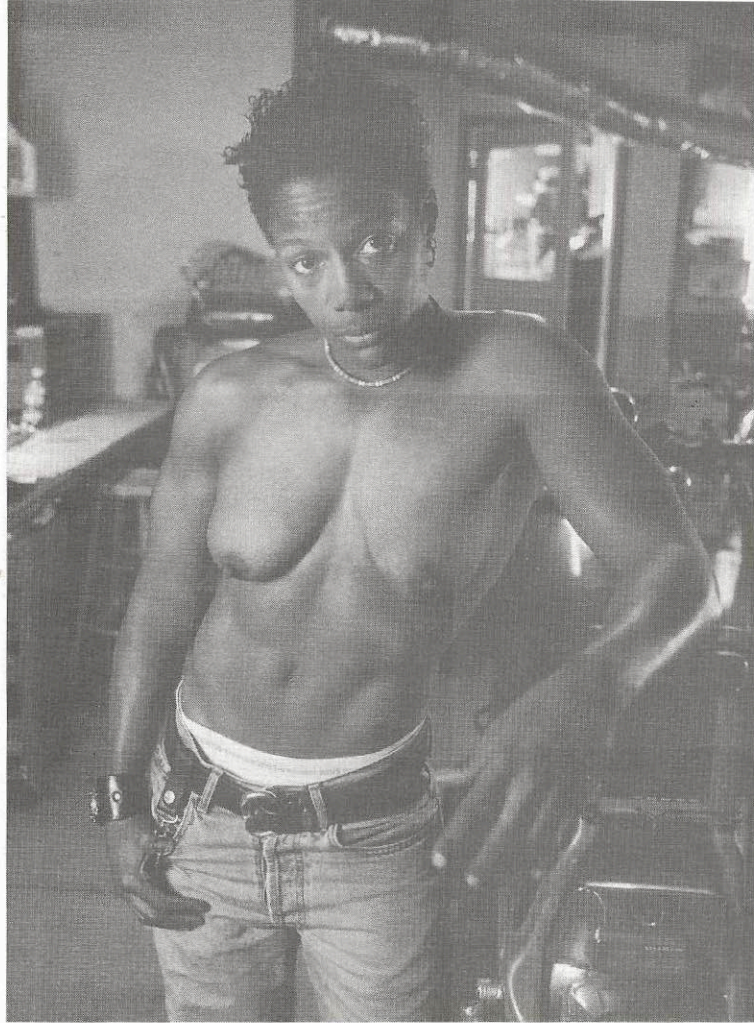
without: No matter the size or color, that sweet spot between a woman's legs is heaven.

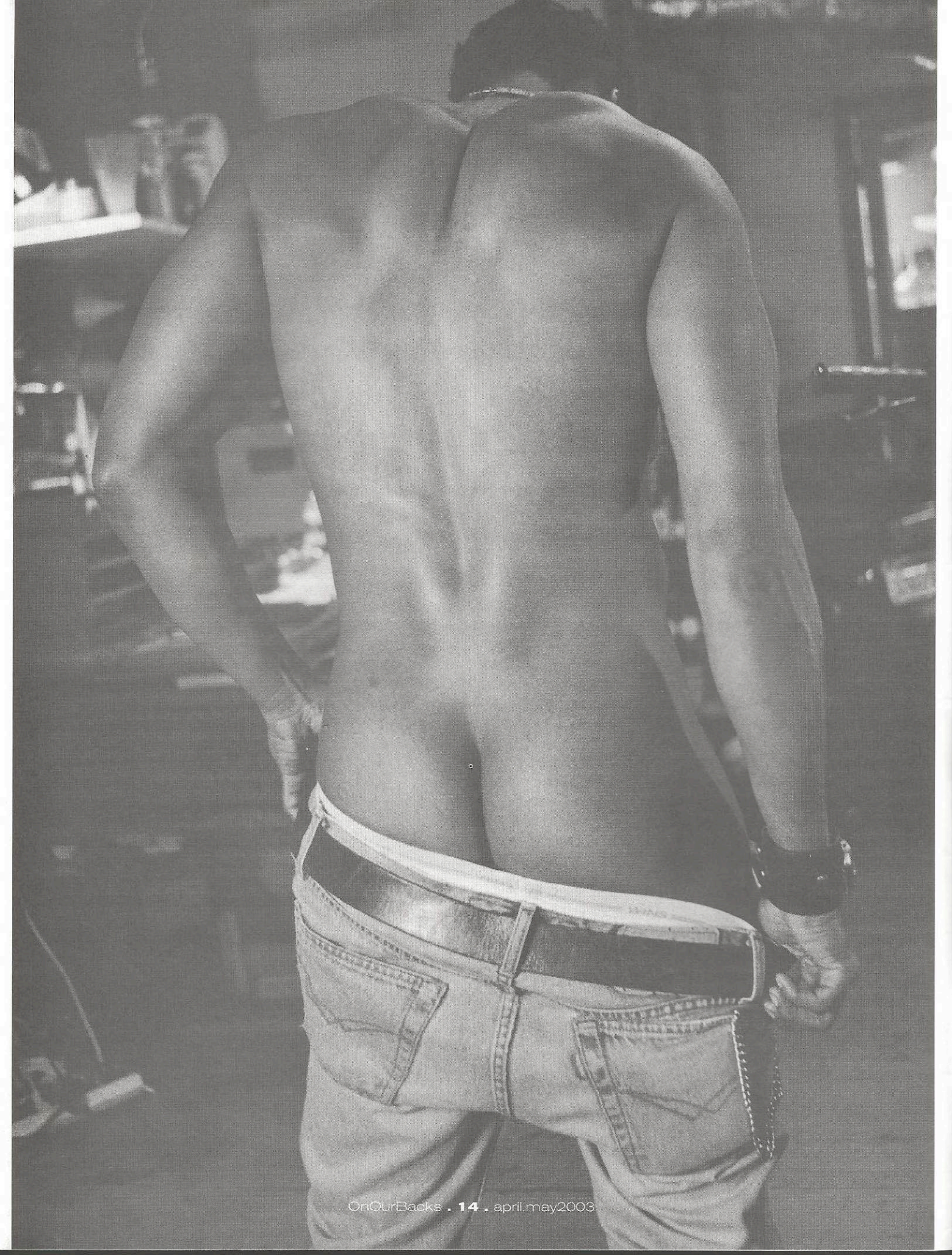
Her type: I really dig sexy, sensual femme women but I can also go for some rough and tumble bois. I mainly appreciate a confident person with a strong character who has good principles. Really tall women rock on the basketball court but they scare me when it comes to dating them.

How to get her attention: You can catch my eye by walking by me close enough so that I can smell your sweet smell, turning to look at me with a cute smile on your face and fuck-me eyes.

How to get her off: It doesn't take much to get me off. I just need to have a sexy woman let me into her secret garden and I'm happy.

Her must-try sex act: I've always wanted to wear a full leather mask and harness and fist and then fuck someone in a sling while they scream "fuck me, daddy!" **dc**

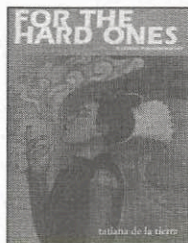






For the Hard Ones/ Para Las Duras

by tatiana de la tierra
[Calaca Press]



Latina femme pioneer tatiana de la tierra has proven herself a dynamic literary force as poet, essayist, short story writer, and magazine publisher. With the release of her first book-length work, *For the Hard Ones: A Lesbian Phenomenology*, de la tierra adds philosopher to the many hats she's worn. de la tierra's latest work is actually two books in one: a Spanish text that, when flipped over, also reveals an English translation. In this new treatise, de la tierra muses on the philosophical nature of Latina lesbianism, fusing poetry with philosophy as she explores these ideas through brief, intellectually sultry prose poems with such titles as "About the Tongue," "Penetration," and "Fingers." As a philosopher-poet, de la tierra succeeds at what she does best, blurring boundaries between concepts like the erotic tongue and the linguistic tongue, thus diversifying the genres from within which she works.

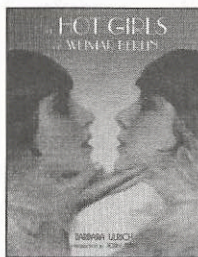
Bottom line: erotica meets ontology. **mg**

The Hot Girls of Weimar Berlin

by Barbara Ulrich
[Feral House]

If you think the current fascination with queer sex, kinky sex, and genderfuck are brand-new inventions of our wacky post-modern-day world, then this book is your ticket to reality. Barbara Ulrich has amassed a lovely and fascinating collection of erotic images from Weimar (pre-World War II) Berlin, accompanied by excerpts from writings of the period. The pictures

are less explicit than contemporary porn, but the images of butches and femmes, girls in boots, and girls with whips will all be delightfully and unsettlingly familiar to **On Our Backs** readers. Much of the imagery



eroticizes drug use in a way that I haven't personally seen. But maybe I'm just not hanging out with the right people.

Bottom line: Cool history, pretty pictures. **gc**

Scarlet Thirst

by Crin Claxton
[Diva Books]

This is the second novel in the Red Hot Divas series. Although initially I wasn't expecting much in the way of plot, I was pleasantly surprised. The sexual adventures of Rob and Rani are enough to keep you immersed, yet plenty of mystery and romance balance out the story nicely. The main characters may be vampires, but in traditional lesbian form, much of the drama revolves around who is sleeping with whom, messy love triangles, and sordid affairs. The lesbian vampire community is portrayed as friendly, well-adjusted, and possessing a higher consciousness as a whole (except for one deviant vamp named "The Count"). They take the blood they need in a fully sustainable system, not killing or harming the humans unnecessarily. Claxton has created a darkly sensual, engaging story with vivid characters.

Bottom line: will get your blood flowing! **mm**



Modern Amazons

Bill Dobbins
[Taschen]

If you find yourself ogling women at the gym then this collection of fine art photographs and essays showcasing female bodybuilders will thrill you. Though female bodybuilding has become more popular over the years, the ultra muscular female body is still foreign to many. Brawny female forms are looked at with curiosity, awe, and sometimes repulsion, but rarely are they considered beautiful. But pho-



tographer Bill Dobbins—whose artistic nudes first appeared in bodybuilding guru Joe Weider's *Flex Magazine*—challenges that notion to wonder-

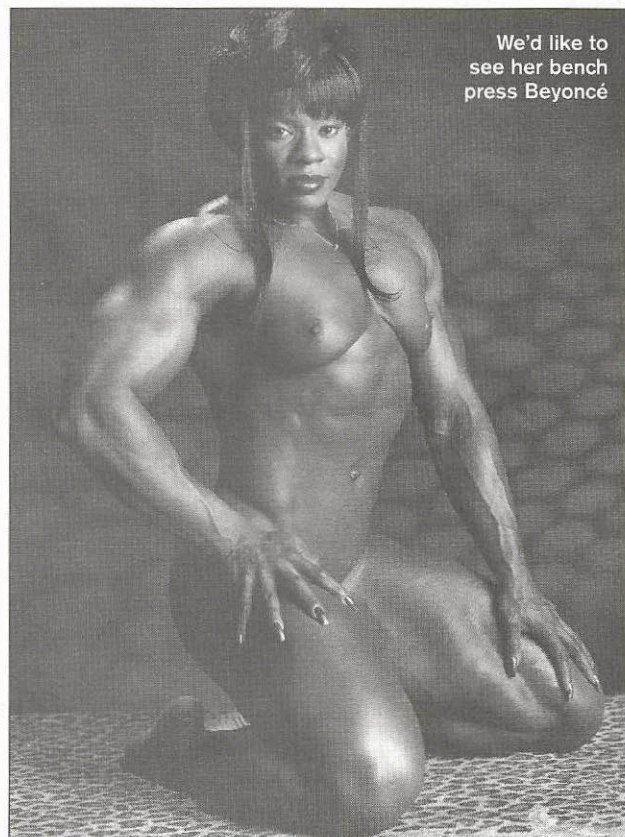
ful effect. Dobbins vision of beauty rejects the accepted notion that thin, waif-like forms are feminine and muscularity is masculine by default. These chiseled lovelies wear lacy lingerie or nothing at all as they stare confidently into his lens challenging you to call them unfeminine. This book is shocking, sexy, and absolutely wonderful.

Bottom line: hot, hard women. **dc**

The Best American Erotica 2003

edited by Susie Bright
[Touchstone]

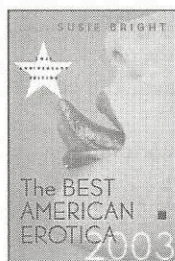
This clever, funny, pansexual anthology is heavy on engaging plot and light on lesbian sex—only three of its twenty-eight stories center on girl-girl action. Erotic highlights are "Hombrecito," a vintage stone-but-



We'd like to see her bench press Beyoncé

meets-femme-prostitute love story set in Chicana Los Angeles, and "How to Make a Cake," a hysterically funny bi-girl-goes-to-dominatrix adventure with a culinary twist. Two great transvag stories, a schoolgirl adventure from *BAE '97*, a kinky boy story, a tale of hetero marital dysfunction gone good, and an oddly placed Dorothy Allison

classic also make this anthology worth a second look. A literary, if wholly unsexy, standout is "Courtney Cox's Asshole," a narcissistic comic journey in which a straight girl fantasizes about such humiliations as



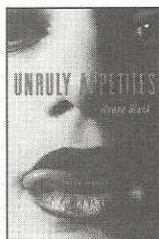
pre-suffrage sex. And in honor of the series' tenth anniversary, there's a fun introduction giving the lowdown on *BAE* writers through the years. All in all, a pretty awesome anthology. Just don't count on it for long-term masturbation material.

Bottom line: an exuberant read with moderate sex appeal. **mp**

Unruly Appetites

by Hanne Blank
[Seal Press]

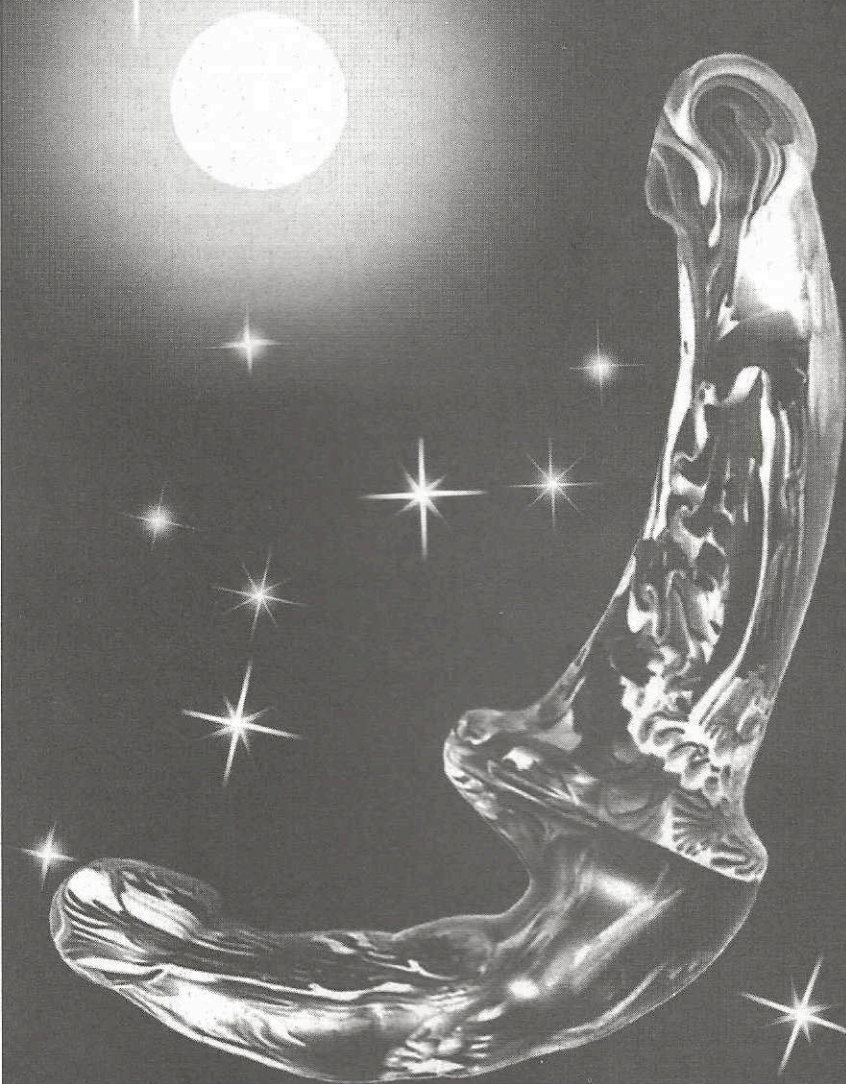
Hanne Blank, editor/author of several books including *Big Big Love: A Sourcebook on Sex for People of Size and Those Who Love Them* and *Best Transgender Erotica*, and coeditor of *scarletletters.com*, has produced a well-written collection of erotic stories that celebrates pleasure in all its forms. Few of the stories focus on lesbian sex, however each piece is hot and sexually inspiring. Blank's imagination is considerable and stories such as "The Princess and the Tiger"—which features a human-feline encounter—cross the line into fantasy-fiction.



Bottom line: erotically esoteric. **dc**

review staff
dc . Diana Cage
gc . Greta Christina
mg . Myriam Gurba
mm . Marie McAllister
mp . Marissa Pareles

Promise Her The Moon...



www.VixenCreations.com

Vixen offers the widest range and best quality hand crafted silicone sex toys.
Woman owned-and-operated since 1992.
We offer beautiful glitter, marbled, and solid colored toys.
Dozens of styles and sizes to choose from at great prices.

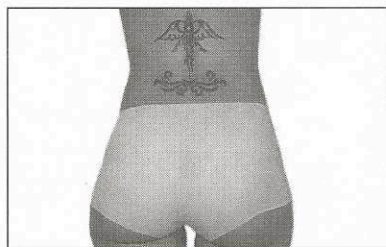
For Wholesale info and catalog
contact us at
Tel/Fax (415) 822-0403
Email: VixenSi@mindspring.com

Twinsu

[Vibratex, \$88]

With its textured surface and impressive girth (1.5 inches diameter), I found myself wincing slightly as this beautifully crafted, dual vibrator made its wicked way into my unyielding pussy. But moments later the twirling shaft and tumbling pearls seduced me into forgetting my initial discomfort. Just as I was about to go over the edge, I added the vibrating wand to the mix. While the vibrations are somewhat limp for clit stimulation, the thrumming wand felt amazing in my ass. All in all, this is a high-quality toy that will be a favorite for most—whether for solo or partner play.

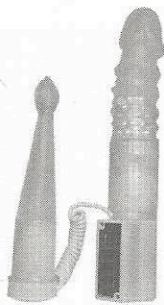
Bottom line: upsize and double your pleasure. **ch**



Sensate-Latex Hot Pant

[Good Vibrations, \$12]

I admit I've never used dental dams, mainly because I thought it would feel like eating her out through a sock. But when I saw the Good Vibes dental dam hot pants, I figured, What the hell? I'll be safe *and* fashionable. The panties are lightly powdered with a



slight vanilla flavor, and make my ass look really good. My girlfriend proceeded to eat me out, and as the panties got warmer and wetter, the sensation was much better. Unfortunately, my ass started to get a little sweaty under all that rubber. And there are no openings for fingers. At \$12 a pop, it's not the most economical safe sex route, but these definitely deserve a place in my special occasion fetish wardrobe.

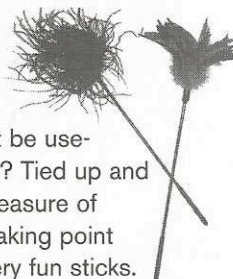
Bottom line: high and dry couture. **mp**

Fantasy Ticklers

[Sportsheets, \$6.90]

Who says cat toys can't be useful during adult playtime? Tied up and blindfolded, I had the pleasure of being teased to the breaking point with one of these feathery fun sticks. They are not too tickly, and are an absolute turn-on. An added bonus: the stingy little handle to whap my backside with! They come in all sorts of sexy colors and shapes. Note for those with an actual feline at home: lock these babies up, they are irresistible to cats.

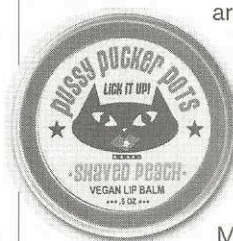
Bottom line: pretty tickle torture. **mp**



Pussy Pucker Pots

[Technodyke, \$4.50]

Pussy Pucker Pots are not technically sex toys but we think they might get you laid. With them, you'll get away with all sorts of lascivious lines like, "Would you like a little taste of Shaved Peach on your lips?" There



are twelve cute, kinky flavors, all with names like Strawberry Snatch, Vanilla Vulva, Clitoris Citrus, Chocolate Nipple Ripple, and, our favorite, Don't Need no MAnGo. Pussy Pucker

Pots are independently

produced, and made with tasty, all natural, vegan ingredients that will leave your lips silky smooth and soft.

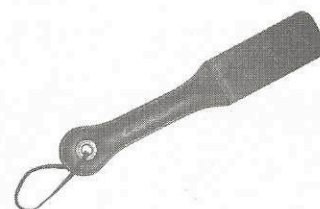
Bottom line: conversation starters for moist puckers. **mm**

Impressions

[Sportsheets, \$25]

SMACK! THWACK! OUCH! I love these fun paddles—they have cut-out designs that leave hearts and stars, or words like "Ouch" and "Love" on your ass. The only thing more fun than spanking someone's bare butt is spanking someone's bare butt and admiring the bright pink hearts you've left on their backside. These twelve-inch leather paddles have a good slappy sound and aren't too stingy. I really like the "Ouch" paddle. And if you get it just right, the design lasts for a good long time.

Bottom line: makes a lasting impression. **dc**



click.it

Shaveddyke.com

Whether your quest is for a bald pussy or a bald head, you'll find what you're looking for at Shaveddyke. Watch as a sexy redhead loses her tresses to a butch stud's razor. See a femme with a lovingly lathered pussy submit to a sharp blade, placing her trust in a top's masterful hands. Even the every day experience that we all take for granted, shaving one's legs, is elevated into an erotic art form as a purple-haired punk rock girl allows us into her bedroom for a sneak peek at her Gillette. This site also features a naughty archive of erotic shaving stories and tips on how to trim your pussy. **mg**



Great head on shaveddyke.com

Vinylya.com

A talented Italian artist who's quite a cutie herself, Vinylya resurrects the lost art of pinup through her erotic portraiture. Reminiscent of the late Eric Stanton's work, Vinylya's work features statuesque beauties in all manner of undress, wielding whips, floggers, and even the occasional lollipop. Her galleries, with tantalizing names like "Extraordinary Vamps" and "Ultra-Sizzling Divas" are sure to delight and mesmerize you with their whimsical renderings of cheesecake at its finest. Vinylya even offers custom illustration for those who'd like to be immortalized by her palette. **mg**

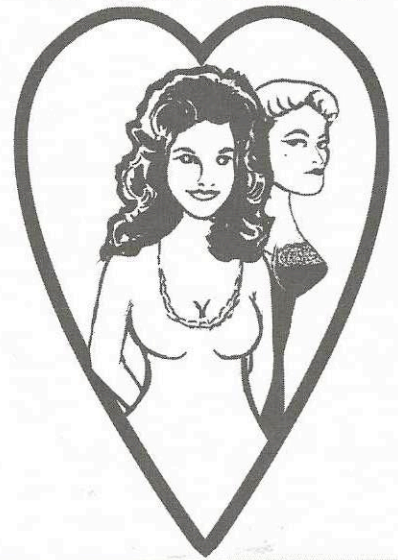
Cliterati.co.uk

While Cliterati takes a pickax to the antiquated myth of the British prude, the site never strays beyond the bonds of tastefulness and subtlety, making it a welcome alternative for those turned off by the more in-your-face style of mainstream adult sites. Cliterati combines facets of an online community, newsletter, resource guide, and sex shop to form an e-zine that succeeds in catering to a wide audience. Its tagline, "Because women like sex too," is emblematic of the site's female-friendly atmosphere. Cliterati also boasts a steadily growing lesbian and bi erotica section that features plenty of "snogging" and "shagging" among "birds." **mg**

Want To Be A Lesbian Sex Symbol?

Passion Fruit Video, a lesbian owned and run video company, is casting for it's 2003/04 movies. We are looking for sexy, photogenic lesbians with great personality and acting ability to star in our upcoming sexually explicit movies. Write and tell us why you'd like to be the next lesbian sex symbol, and check out our films at:
www.passionfruitvideo.com

Lesbian Videos



**Girlfriends
Films**

girlfriendsfilms.com

p.o. box 260512
Encino, CA 91426

Pulp Friction

by Laura Weide

Femme fatales with leopard cat suits, waist-high panties, and flame-retardant bras that turn breasts into nuclear warheads—our contemporary notions of the bad girl were born in the fifties. Hard-edged women with angelic faces, their kohl-lined eyes squinting through cigarette smoke—these images of seething sexuality smeared an indelible lipstick mark on the index of female sexual expression. Their feisty delinquency is with us today, as the catfight lives on in campy lesbian sex fests, dyke porn noir, and stylized art smut.

History of the Blue Movie

dir. Alex de Renzy
[Caballero Classics, 1970]

A unique documentary, *History* clips from some of the earliest sex movies and takes us through the 1960s on a tour of the stag movie (porn's predecessor), with an emphasis on its social and legal context. My favorite is a transgressive Italian clip from the 1940s in which a nun sheds her habit and masturbates with a vibrator. You'll see the burlesque styles that preceded the advent of Irving Klaw's Betty Page movies; after that, a substantial part of the video is dedicated to Klaw's classic work establishing the genre of fetish film. Like Marilyn Monroe, Betty Page was a kittenish pinup girl whose iconic sexuality became larger than life. All those leopard bathing suits? You'll learn that Betty sewed them herself—and see some of the classic rope bondage and cat fight scenes that have become a contemporary retro reference.

Bottom line: history lessons with homework to beg for.

Voluptuous Vixens

dir. Sadié Foxe and Sadie Valentine
[Pleasure Productions, 2002]

I love this lesbian ode to pinup girls for its colorful palette, diverse cast of super-sexy

big girls, campy decadence, and exuberant sex. A welcome respite from the inescapable hyper-thin body standards that pervade today's mainstream media—and porn. With more curves than a grand slalom, *Voluptuous Vixens* features fierce femmes in four vignettes. If tail fins get your motor running, you won't want to miss the H.O.T. masturbation scene in a classic car—but unlike the Backseat Betties of yore who only wiggle and pose for the camera, star Celestina Meow Meow is all about ensuring her own orgasms. The sixties lounge environs, complete with magenta faux fur and lava lamps, set the stage for a sizzling strap-on scene. Later, fur flies in an SM-ish cat fight. The whole show is overlaid with an original soundtrack, which I find preferable to the usual porno music. However, I did miss the slap of palms against ass cheeks and the moans of orgasm: the aural titillation of porn.

Bottom line: super-sized, sexy, and stylin'.

Box of Laughter: Dueling Pages

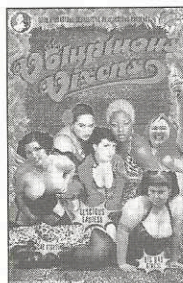
dir. Maria Beatty
[Bleu Productions, 1998]

Maria Beatty's filmcraft is head and stiletto heels over most pornography. Her *Box of Laughter* series is a fetishistic exploration



of the delicious, devilish torture of tickling. The black and white *Dueling Pages* features two Betty Page look-alikes in a sexy remake of the old Irving Klaw movies, but with a postmod twist. Two Betties help each other dress up in heels, classic fishnets, and fifties-style

lingerie. A catfight ensues. From the mirror images emerge a Top Betty and a Bottom



Betty who wrestle in the inimical blue movie style. The Betty on the bottom becomes helpless and gets hog-tied and tickle-tortured. Top Betty takes a nap (odder things have happened in porn) and when the sleeping beauty awakens, the tables have been turned. Also on the tape is more of a meditation on bondage, beauty, and laughter: a series of beautiful women appear in the same simple set, tied to a chair. Faceless hands appear and the tickling begins. We don't hear the screaming sounds of their laughter, but their expressive faces are mesmerizing. In the expulsive, whole-body experience, there is something suggestive of orgasms.

Bottom line: fetish tickle-me lesbo.

Take Her Down: A Lesbian Oil Wrestling Party

dir. Sondra Goodwin
[Fatale Video, 2002]

You won't find campy wrestling suits or Eartha Kitt references, but this production by the pioneering Fatale Video shares a vision with the early bondage genre in its extended focus on sexy women as they grapple and try to pin each other to the floor.

The similarity ends there.

A bevy of sexy athletic lesbians gather for a pool party and make-out fest in beautiful outdoor New Mexico. The vibe is flirty and playful. Next the party moves indoors and gets down to business—

the business of wrestling, that is. The loving eye of the camera dotes on the curves of flexed muscle, greased-up ass cheeks, and moves that get more suggestive as they go. These women are definitely having fun, and if you are on the lookout for lesbian porn that offers more buildup and body worship than your standard plug-a-way video, this is a title for you. Few of the scenes include explicit sex, but the story climaxes in a sexy strap-on shower scene.

Bottom line: WWF, move way over.



Laura Weide is a sex educator, writer, and the Web editor at Toys in Babeland.

CYBERDYKE

THE EROTIC NETWORK FOR LESBIANS

Join ALL these quality sites for One Low Price!

shaveddyke.com

From head to pussy -
watch these dykes shave
smooth and lickable!
Gorgeous images,
hot stories,
shaving tips, and more!

darkplay.net

The infamous XXX
BDSM & Fetish site
made with love by a
butch/femme couple.
Making your dark fantasies
come true since 1999!

bigbeautifulheaven.com

Just one of our BBW sites,
this pin-up inspired site
shows off the sexiest
big beautiful lesbians
you have ever seen!

faeriefantasies.com

For the only
Real Live Nude Faeries!
For intense, Wyld BDSM play
by enthusiastic lifestylers.
For Sprawling Group Sex
where gender knows
no bounds. For you!

posteriority.net

For women who love
women's "posteriorities,"
anal sex, anilingus,
doggie style, and more!
A beautifully designed
and elegant site.

mistresstiana.com

An intimate look at this
amazing multi-talented
dyke Domme and also
a beautiful art site of her
simply extraordinary
rope and other bondage.

ondine-x.com

High femme pin-up grrl
who likes to play with
fetish and BDSM.
If you like strong femmes
with sassy attitudes
look no further!

leakygirls.com

This site has been described
as "The El Dorado of
golden showers sites."
Beautiful and high quality,
close-up videos and stills.

sapphosgirls.com

Visit the grrls of Sappho -
intelligent, deeply erotic,
imaginative, and uninhibited.
"Pensive porn" that rises
your thoughts and emotions
as it does your lust...

storymistress.com

Celebrated writer and editor
Lori Selke brings you
XXX lesbian erotica like
you've never read before!
These naughty tales are
also beautifully illustrated.

therosebuddbar.com

A completely original
and unique erotic
lesbian comic!
Only on the web!
Come have a drink
and hang with us!

COME SEE WHAT'S FREE...

WWW.PERVGRRRL.ORG

WWW.CHICKCHECK.ORG

WWW.CYBERFEMME.COM

WWW.CYBERBUTCH.COM

**CYBERDYKE
FREE.ORG**



PASSION & PLEASURE



**Sweet Midori and HB
enjoy a long, lusty evening.**

photography by Michele Serchuk

make up by John Nelson

shot on locaton at L'Oeil. Cache Studio, NYC



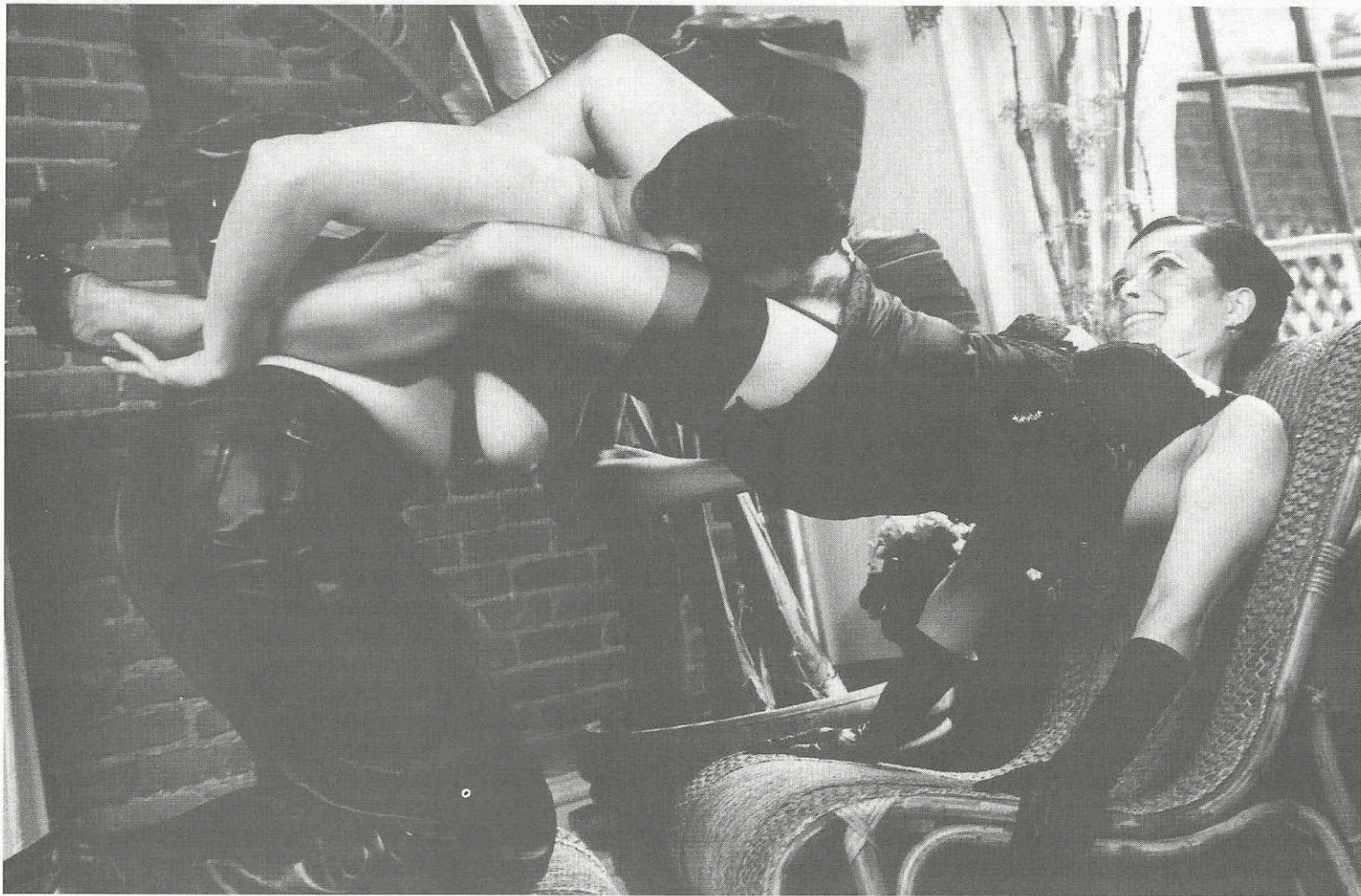
On a lush, southern night, sweat and lust saturate the air. Lovers touch, feverish and passionate, and search each other's flesh for pleasures untold. Smell of leather, heady perfume, silken stockings, and spiked high heels. Playful and wicked, challenging each other to passions faster and harder. Back arching, hips thrusting, lips intertwining. It's a long, hot night and there's more to come. **midori**

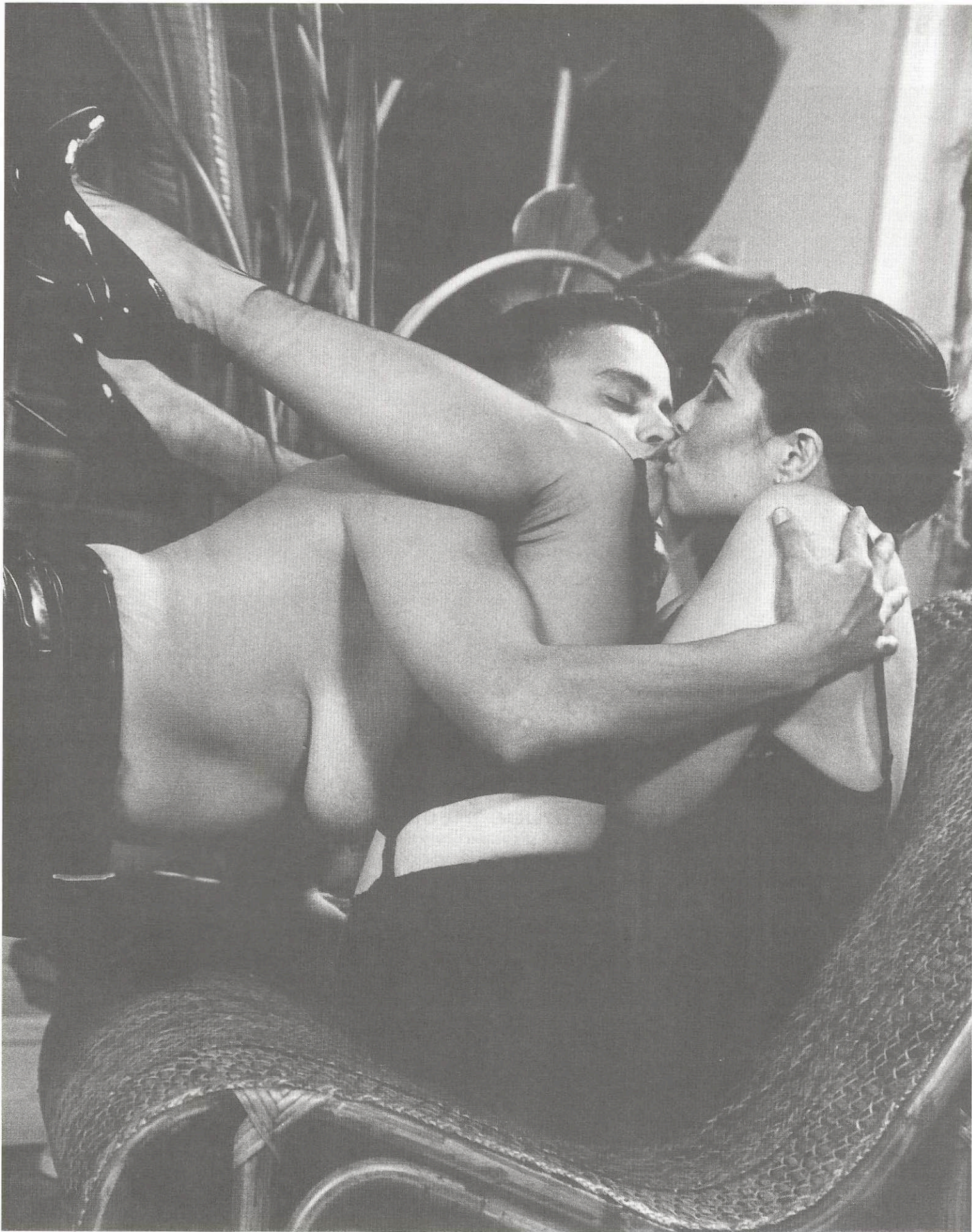






On Our Backs







PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Cruising the Web

Are online ads replacing dyke bars?

Cara Bruce investigates

You look like a librarian. Your appearance says prim, proper, and vanilla all the way. Yet you're dying to be tied up and degraded. You long for a big strong butch who will make you suck her cock and lick her boots. But frustratingly, every girl that picks you up treats you as if you could break at any second. So you put an ad online: "Librarian-looking lesbian seeks daddy to spank her, punish her, and fuck the hell out of her." Two nights later you're tied to the bed, begging and pleading for daddy's cock. You're in heaven.

After a hot fuck session she tells you she's seen you around but she never dreamed you were that type. The next day

you've got another ad on Craigslist. You've never been happier.

It's hard to pick up girls in real time. You can cruise the dyke bars—if there are any in your town—but even then you run the risk of hitting on the one straight girl out for a thrill, or picking up a lesbian whose idea of a wild night is rubbing against you fully clothed, when you just want to flip her over, pull down those jeans, and spank the little slut.

Thank God for online personals.

"Online it's easy to identify a girl who likes chicks, so there's none of the horribly awkward 'does she or doesn't she' thing," says Belle, a sweet, funny dyke who's been using online personals for about four years.

"There is quite a long list of women I'd like to spend the night with. But I look straight, so no girls ever ask me out. Even when I stare at a butch all night and flirt heavily I never get taken seriously."

Online dating is also great if you're shy. "I had a crazy crush on this girl," says Dani, a twenty-seven-year-old bike messenger. "So I put up an ad on a local personals site. About six girls that weren't her responded, but then the right girl finally saw it. She was so flattered. Especially because I wrote in my ad how much I wanted to fuck her! Our first date ended up with me getting fisted in the back of her truck. Talk about hot."

These days dykes are flocking to online

personals in droves. Mainly because they offer a better, more selective way to cruise for potential sex partners. Instead of heading straight to the bar and making eye contact with every hot chick in leather pants, you can place a very specific ad on a local personals site, and then arrange for her to meet you at the bar once you've established a connection. In addition, online ads are anonymous and this allows many dykes to act more aggressively than they normally would in person.

"I'm a very social person, so I have no problem approaching people in bars or clubs," says Maya, a cute twenty-something dyke. "But the results of online searches are more favorable because you get a chance to get to know the person before you meet. There are no awkward moments and the conversation flows better."

The number and variety of women online are what make it such a successful alternative to bars. And the convenience of cruising for a sex partner from your home can be seductive. Many women find the process of searching through so many ads arousing.

"My girlfriend and I often look online together," says Irene, a butch from the Midwest. "I remember one night she was under my desk eating my pussy while I surfed for a cute little femme to join us."

In fact, some women stated that online personals were maybe too tempting. The easy availability of so many lesbians looking to get laid can be a major distraction.

"My girlfriend and I had a fight, and I was so angry I posted an ad. Within hours I was e-mailing back and forth with what sounded like a pretty hot butch. But when I came to my senses, I realized I wasn't ready to start up a new fling. Plus, my girlfriend apologized later that night and I had to explain to the butch that I wasn't really single. I felt really bad about leading her on," explains Annie, a Boston-area femme who works as an exotic dancer.

With personal ads, honesty is the best policy. Many women express concern about being led on or lied to in e-mail. And more than one dyke complains that straight girls often post ads looking to play. Although not everyone cruising the Web feels so proprietary about lesbian space. "As long as they are outright about it—who cares? You don't have to call them. But if popping a chick's

dyke-cherry turns you on, well, there you go," says Dana, a butch top who says she met her last girlfriend online.

One of the most popular places online for girls to pick each other up is Craigslist (www.craigslist.org). It began as a Bay Area phenomenon but in recent years has spread to major cities across the U.S. The "women seeking women" section of Craigslist functions as a community bulletin board. Dykes promote their clubs, dish the bar scene, and post messages to each other.

"I'm addicted to Craigslist," gushes Jenny, a thirty-year-old graphic designer living in Fremont. "Everyday I read 'women seeking women' and the 'missed connections.' I have fantasies about someday reading one for me. I've posted plenty looking for other people."

In addition to searching for that perfect partner, Jenny also uses Craigslist to see what clubs, parties, or events are going on. "It's kind of cool seeing so many girls in one place, now we all know what's going

on and where. I think it's made the community tighter. When I first moved to the city [San Francisco]," she says, "I didn't know where to meet girls. I used Craigslist to find a job and started checking out the personals. I put up a post for friends—a little embarrassed and a lot nervous—but I got a bunch of responses. Two of my best friends and my girlfriend are from that first ad. But I'll tell you, five years ago you couldn't have paid me to put up a personal ad."

This is not an uncommon sentiment. Many women state that there used to be a stigma attached to using personals: If you had to answer an ad to find someone, you must be desperate. But with the ubiquity of the Internet, that idea has disappeared. Online ads run the gamut from women seeking friendship, life partners, three-ways, ass slaves, daddy's girls, someone to worship, and the bi-curious girl who wants to experiment, with or without her boyfriend.

So not only do you know exactly what

Here are some of the places that dykes are hooking up online:

On Our Backs (personals.onourbacksmag.com)
Planet Out (www.planetout.com)
Craigslist (www.craigslist.org)
Nerve (www.nerve.com)
Butch-Femme.com (www.butch-femme.com)
Match (www.match.com)
Swoon (www.swoon.com)
Yahoo Personals (www.personals.yahoo.com)
Girlfriends (personals.girlfriendsmag.com)

you're getting into sexually, you also know whether she expects you to be co-habiting next week or to be out of her bed before the sun rises.

Looking for a girl who will enjoy your riding crop collection? There are sites that cater to specific audiences. Alt.com is a BDSM site, Butch-femme.com is self-explanatory, and Nerve.com attracts women who read. (Try and find a bar for that.)

"dykes are flocking to online personals because they offer a better, more selective way to cruise for potential sex partners."

"I'm really into BDSM," says Rex, a kinky femme bottom. "I don't want a monogamous relationship—all I want is to play. I'm a femme and I'm attracted to femmes. I can't even tell you how many times I struck out trying to get a femme to top me. The day I saw an ad online that read 'Femme Top Seeks Femme Bottom' I nearly came right there."

So are dykes having more sex? You bet your sweet ass.

"The U-Haul on the second date thing is such a myth," says Rex. "Dykes like one-night stands just as much as the next guy or girl. As far as one-night stands go, I've had the best sex of my life with girls I've met off of Craigslist. One night I even scheduled two dates by accident and all three of us got lucky!"

Cara Bruce is the editor of *Best Bisexual Women's Erotica*, *Viscera*, *Best Fetish Erotica*, and the author of *The First Year—Hepatitis C*.



ANNIE get your gun

We pick the brains behind Olympia, Washington's Sex Workers Art Show.

interview by
Michelle Tea

photography by
Kate Gross

Annie Oakley just might be the coolest girl in the world. She's from Detroit, which means a lot. She's a pinball-playing homosexual. And she's a stripper-hooker-artist-activist who has stuck her many passions into the Cuisinart and come out with the Sex Workers Art Show, a two-day affair that takes place each February in Olympia, Washington.

Oakley is a one-woman workhorse, solely responsible for organizing and producing the event—a loooong, cabaret-style performance followed by a conference the following day. The show draws sex-trade workers

from all areas of the industry and every region of the country.

Far from a slick parade of fake-tittied, corporate-hetero, pro-industry mouthpieces, the Sex Workers Art Show is a product of Olympia's do-it-yourself aesthetic and Oakley's working-class nerdiness. Simultaneously celebrating sex workers while critiquing sex work, it's messy, emotional, and wicked queer. The event is strictly no divas, partly because the shoestring budget can't afford them, partly because Oakley's community-oriented nature can't abide them. The result is a show that's a whirl of testifying, therapy,

burlesque, catharsis, vaudeville, education, and revolution.

This December Oakley pushed her sanity to its limits by instigating the first ever Sex Workers Art Show Tour, comprised of two vans, three roadies, and twelve performers.

The tour was a month long, and the schedule was grueling: up at dawn to drive, dealing with the pressure of sold-out shows. (I was there.) Through it all, Oakley was our fearless leader, fighting for our money with shifty promoters, bullying lazy roadies, feeding us, sheltering us, and just generally bearing the weight of the world. I totally miss her gigantic, spiraling hairdo,

her doll-like face, and the way she'd say "There's your boyfriend" whenever a really gross guy walked by. I decided to pick her most excellent brain about the sex worker revolution, our wacko tour, and other fun stuff.

On Our Backs: How did the Sex Workers Art Show Tour come about?

Annie Oakley: I was involved with this activist place run mainly by old lefty dudes. I had started stripping and was out about it, and this caused total pandemonium. I couldn't believe the condescension and thinly disguised classism. We had these weekly events—there'd be films, speakers, art shows, music—and we were deciding what was going to happen next month, and out of nowhere I blurted out that I was going to have a sex workers art show. I hadn't thought about it at all before I said it. I was just so angry and wanted to make them deal with it. I put up calls for submissions everywhere—strip clubs, homeless shelters, clinics, coffee shops.

The quality of the artwork and performances blew me away. The audience reaction was great, but what ended up being most important to me was the response of the artists who participated. Most of them had never come together with other sex workers for any reason besides work. Some were independent escorts and had had no contact with other workers at all. Being brought together in a space that was respectful of our ideas was unbelievably exhilarating, an incredible flood of validation and self-recognition.

OOB: And why an art show?

Oakley: In my life, being a whore felt so predetermined, and so a part of everything I ever learned about myself through other people, that once I got past the shame, it became a role in which I feel a kind of comfort, and a vantage point from which I feel clarity. And sex work raises issues and concepts like class, gender, labor, sexuality, anxiety, compassion... Art and performance are so accessible to an audience, and versatile, that they seemed like the perfect mediums through which to discuss such complicated and emotional concepts.

OOB: What's your most favorite sexy piece of clothing?

Oakley: Aw man, I don't know if I could pick just one. It's winter now and I guess I'll have to say a certain tight, low-cut fuzzy sweater. Also pink lace gloves with the fingers cut out. Anything with heels.

OOB: What was the most rewarding part of the tour?

Oakley: It was so fabulous to see performers excited and happy at shows. And I love getting feedback, positive and negative, from sex workers who saw it. I also dig the weird random men who obviously came because they thought they were going to see naked chicks, come up and talk to me about how the show affected their understanding of the sex. The most frustrating? Getting all the drag-asses in and out of the vans at pee breaks. Someone observed it was like herding cats.

OOB: What are you reading right now?

Oakley: *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, by Carson McCullers, and *Times Square Red*, *Times Square Blue*, by Samuel Delaney. I

inaction on the issue this way: "Porn stars. People think they're not worth the time. The public sees these people as disposable." So what's on my mind is the intense popularity of porn and sex workers, the voraciousness with which the American public consumes commercial sex, contrasted with this unwillingness to view sex workers as human. Somehow the experience of viewing porn or fucking hookers is more palatable if you don't have to remember that the whore involved is an actual person. It's the same suspension of disbelief that we engage in when we buy clothes from the mall or eat at a fast food place. To think about the workers as a multifaceted human being is to acknowledge the boredom and poverty of these jobs, and that would ruin the experience of Gap jeans and Egg McMuffins.

OOB: What do you say to the idea that it's very trendy to be a sex worker right now?

"most of the artists had never come together with other **sex workers** for any reason besides work."

can't believe I've never read *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* before. I'm reading only a few pages a night so I can draw it out as long as possible. *Times Square Red*, *Times Square Blue* is two essays about the purging of sex businesses from Times Square. It's very full of academic language and references to Marx and things I haven't read, but it is severely genius and I recommend it to everyone.

OOB: Who do you think is sexy?

Oakley: Sash Sunday [of Sister Spit]. And Bruce Springsteen. He is not only my personal idol and spiritual leader, but a total fox as well. Also Eminem.

OOB: What mistreatment of sex workers is presently pissing you off?

Oakley: Well, I just read this article from the *L.A. Times* about the lack of regulation in the porn industry around health and labor standards. At one point David Gurley, the staff attorney for the California Labor Commissioner's office, explains the office's

AO: In some ways I think it's great that people are getting into the industry because it seems like a fun, glamorous thing to do. What better reason to pick a job? Ideally everyone would be in the industry by choice, not by force or economic coercion. Great. But there is a lot of privilege that comes with being able to select sex work from a number of other high-paying options, or doing it as a sort of lark while going to college. If you want to be a whore 'cause all the other cool people on the Internet message boards are doing it, you need to remember that claiming a sex worker identity doesn't erase other forms of privilege you have. What happens is that the people who get into the industry because it seems fun are usually middle-class college-educated types. They are traditionally the ones who have the most media access, and so it is their stories that end up getting told, not the experience of most whores. **oob**



THE GOPI SISTERS

Ellen, Paula, and Abbie

Paula is struck by the beauty of her sisters entwined and strokes herself ecstatically, as the dark haired Abbie and the lithe, blond Ellen bring each other to orgasm after orgasm. The three lovers writhe and touch, enjoying each other's bodies—so alike and so different—until early morning light. Abbie, Paula and Ellen call themselves the Gopi Sisters because they love each other unconditionally, as the Gopis loved Krishna. "Our time together sexually was like an initiation... a transcendence to a level of egoless love," says Abbie.



photography by
David Steinberg











view from the FOURTEENTH FLOOR

by **Greta Christina**

illustration by **Rebecca**

Dana read the ad on Thursday. She masturbated furiously and then called the number. They made a date, and she spent most of Saturday making arrangements.

They met in a bar on Sunday evening. Dana arrived on time, and found Elizabeth already sitting in a corner booth. She was blonde, with an expensive haircut, dressed in a crisp, white blouse and a single strand of pearls. She already had a drink in front of her. Dana settled into the booth. "So how long have you lived in New York?" she asked.

"Six days," Elizabeth said curtly. "Look. Here are my limits. I don't like extreme physical pain, but keep it reasonable and we'll be fine. Psychologically you can do almost anything. My safe word is *safe word*. And I mean it about the one-night stand. After tonight, we're done." She took a sip of her drink. "You?"

Dana bit her lip. Elizabeth's tone offended her, made her want to slap the woman down. She noticed her clit thumping, and wondered for a moment if she was being played, if the girl was pissing her off on purpose. She stared rudely at Elizabeth's tits, and decided it didn't matter. "Your limits are fine," she said. "And mine aren't relevant to you. Do you want to do it?"

Elizabeth looked at Dana like she was appraising china. Finally she gave a small nod. "Yes. Let's do it."

"Good," Dana said calmly. "That's the last word I want to hear from you until. . .well, ever, I guess." She strode out the door, leaving her drink untouched, and whistled for a cab. Elizabeth followed, eyeing her suspiciously as they got in the taxi. "Lester Hotel," Dana told the cabbie. "The one in midtown." She stayed silent all the way to the hotel, where she led Elizabeth to the fourteenth floor and pulled a key from her pocket.

Elizabeth looked around as the door closed behind her. The room looked untouched, except for an armchair sitting at

an odd angle in the dressing nook off the bedroom. The decor was elegant and unpretentious, with tall windows that took up most of the outside wall. Dana switched on all the lights, switched off the one in the dressing nook, settled into the armchair, and began to speak.

"Did you know that every week, dozens of telescopes are sold in the city of New York? Interesting statistic. Nobody seriously thinks all those people are stargazing in Connecticut on weekends. Everyone knows exactly what those New Yorkers are doing with those telescopes. And yet everyone goes on with their lives, in front of their open windows, as if they actually had privacy.

"Open the curtains."

She could see Elizabeth flinch before she obeyed. Good, she thought. This could work.

"It's Sunday night," Dana continued, "so a lot of people are home. And bored, and looking for something to do. When I scoped out the room earlier, I estimated about 5,000 windows with a direct view of this one. Probably about fifty have telescopes. More if you count binoculars. So I'm guessing we've got anywhere from ten to thirty people in the audience tonight. Maybe more.

"Now take off your blouse and wander around the room. Act like you're a normal human being who's just changing for dinner, but keep turning to face the window."

Elizabeth stopped in her tracks. She turned from the window and looked Dana in the face, dismayed, her arrogance slipping off like a discreet partygoer escaping a bad soiree.

"Don't look at me," Dana snapped. "Face the window again. Now." Elizabeth complied, her shoulders slumping, and Dana went on, calmer. "See, I placed this chair very carefully. I can see you, and your reflection in the window, but people outside probably can't see me. So don't look at me again. I don't want our audience to know

I'm here. I want them to think you're doing this on your own.

"I was going to build this up nice and slow, give you some time to get used to it. But now I don't think I'm going to. Strip down to your bra and panties, and start doing jumping jacks."

This was good, Dana thought as she crossed her legs. She could see Elizabeth squeeze her eyes shut as she wriggled out of her skirt and stripped off her shoes and pantyhose; she could see the reflection of the woman's blushing face as she tentatively began to jump up and down. Dana could see her butt jiggling through

bring what you need
on our first date—
if we click, I'll want to
do it right away. one-
night stands only.

her panties, her breasts bouncing in her white bra, like a jiggle girl in a music video. She cleared her throat.

"Right about now," she said, "your audience should be figuring out that something's up. They're realizing that you haven't just forgotten about the curtains. By now they know you're doing this on purpose.

"Open the bedside drawer."

Elizabeth complied. She looked inside and cringed, arrogant revulsion arguing on her face with shame and disgrace. Dana hadn't picked the toys to be tacky on purpose: she just hadn't wanted to mess with condoms and stuff, so she'd picked up a few cheap things she could throw away.

continued on page 42

Orgy on Route 66

by **Annie Stangl**

illustration by **Rosemary VanDeuren**

Kevin has a thing for waitresses. I think it's because they bring her coffee, which I practically never do—and then she gets to stare at their asses as they walk away. “We’re staying in the motel tonight,” she says to a cute, blue-eyed freckly girl.

This particular waitress isn't my type at all. She's very slim and girly. She seems like a cool person, but she isn't registering on my sexual radar.

But she's obviously registering on Kevin's. “You're so sweet,” Kevin says in response to an offer of sugar for her coffee. “Why don't you just stick your finger in there and twirl it around.”

“Oh Christ. I can't believe you just said that,” I moan. But the waitress smiles. I try to distance myself from the cheesy pick-up line by lighting a cigarette. I love that Bob's Big Boy has a smoking section. I look into the mirror next to our booth. My roots need a touchup, but I'm wearing my favorite dress: it's stretchy black wool, zips up the back. It only has a few holes in it. I'm probably too covered up for Kingman, Arizona, even in January. But it was the only thing clean. We've been on the road for three weeks and haven't stayed in one place long enough to do a load of wash. Kevin is wearing a threadbare Harley T-shirt and dangerously low Levis. Even men think she's hot.

The waitress is of course wearing her uniform. She fills Kevin's cup to overflowing and says, “I get off at six,” before walking away with an exaggerated swish.

I give Kevin a pointed look and say, “Kevin. I need something a little more substantial than pussy for dinner.” But she knows I'm playing with her.

She pats my hand and says, “We've got a few hours to kill. Why don't we go back to the motel?”

* * *

We picked this Best Western out of the Damron Women's Traveler so I'm not really surprised to see another dyke couple in the

hot tub. They are pretty cute. In fact, the butcher of the two is pretty damn good looking.

I can tell Kevin is getting antsy for some fun. That's my girl. She's got a non-stop libido. So big, I can't keep her satisfied. I'd have to fuck her twenty-four-seven. Anyway, she's had the waitress habit since day one, so it wouldn't be fair of me to suddenly start complaining.

I give the other two gals a nod as I slide into the water. Kevin does the same and puts her hand on my shoulder so they'll know we're together. We talk a little bit about how hot it is, how odd it is to see so many dykes at a Best Western off Route 66, and other chit-chatty stuff. Susan, that's the femme's name, hands me a joint, so I smoke it and hand it over to her girlfriend, whose name is Dana. She tokes up and

when I pick up
my head I see
Kevin and Susan
entwined. my girl
has a way of getting
parties started.

passes it on and soon the four of us are happily making plans to head to the Grand Canyon together tomorrow.

I lean my head back and close my eyes and Dana takes the opportunity to push her foot between my thighs. I hear kissing sounds and low moans. When I pick my head up to investigate I see Kevin and Susan entwined. My girl has a way of getting parties started.

Dana kinda looks like a surfer boy; I think this to myself as she pushes me against the side of the tub.

“We should probably go somewhere more private,” she says. So I disengage just long enough to announce, “There's a king-size bed in our room.”

I'm excited by the beauty of her body as I watch her walk across the parking lot. She's far bigger than I'd normally go for, the muscles I mean, and Kevin looks dwarfed as she walks alongside her.

The freckly waitress catches up to our happy little band in the parking lot. Must be six o'clock. She hollers, “Hey ladies, wait up,” so I sprint up the burning cement stairs and throw open the door to the room. Five sweaty dykes tumble in and fall on the bed, quickly shedding four wet bathing suits and one polyester uniform.

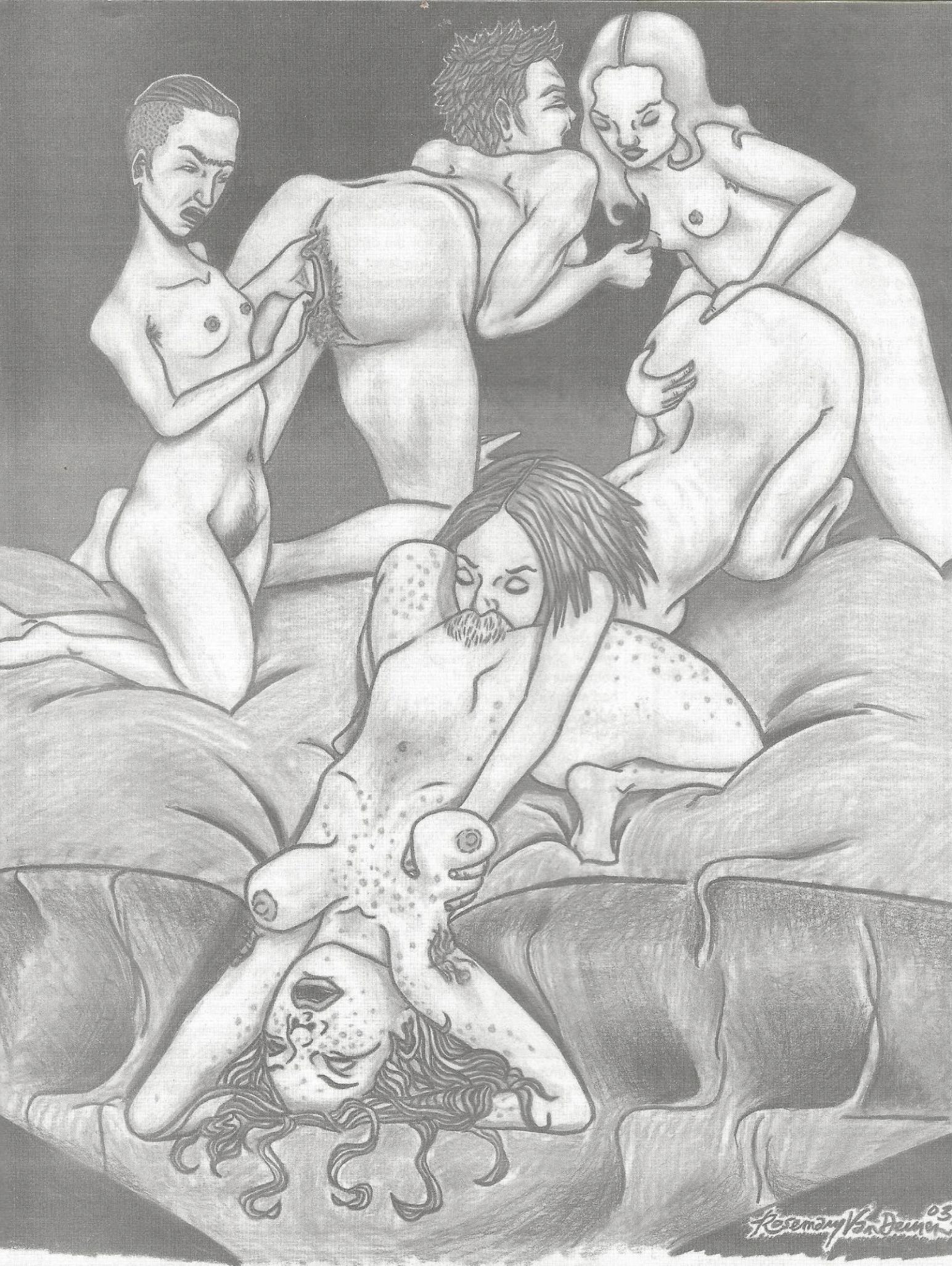
The waitress flops right onto her back in the middle of the bed and Susan, without so much as an introduction, dives between her freckly, tanned thighs. I hear her moan “Mmm, wet pussy.” And that's the last I see of her face for the next ten minutes.

I jump on the bed and stroke the freckly face of the waitress. Before Kevin and I started this journey we call our relationship, I was living a suburban nightmare. My partner and I hadn't had sex in nearly a year. Before bed I used to hum “Love will keep us together,” Captain and Tenille style, to keep from mooning over the dull ache between my legs. And then this sexy dyke named Kevin parked a fugly yellow Dodge van in front of the bookstore where I spent eight hours a day. She waltzed into my life in thrift-store threads and long stringy rock-star hair and showed me a whole lot of sex and drugs. It's just like love, but better.

Kevin and Dana kneel at the edge of the bed and watch in admiration. “Get off your lazy asses and come over here and help us,” I yell at them.

Kevin jumps up first and pushes me over onto my stomach, but I'm having none of it, so I shrug her off and push Susan out of

continued on page 42



Rosemary Van Deuren 03

But now the choice seemed serendipitous. Inspired even. She loved the thought of making this arrogant bitch put these sleazy things into her body in full view of midtown Manhattan.

"So let's get started," she said. "Lay the toys out on the bed. Take off your bra and panties. Then lie on the bed with your cunt facing the window. Put the pillows under your head so people can see your face, and spread your legs."

She could see Elizabeth breathing hard. The woman was obeying, but she was doing it slowly, hesitantly, and Dana wasn't sure if she was genuinely scared or drawing things out on purpose. Either way was fine with Dana. She pressed her thighs together as she watched Elizabeth display her new toys and spread herself out.

"So we've shown them you're an exhibitionist," Dana said. "Now let's show them that you're a pervert. Put the ball gag in your mouth. Stick the butt plug in your asshole. And then spread your cunt lips apart with your fingers. Don't touch your clit. Not yet."

Elizabeth stared fiercely at the wall as she bit down on the pink rubber ball and fiddled behind her head to buckle the straps. She turned over to insert the butt plug, but Dana snapped her fingers. "No," she barked. "Stay on your back. I know it's awkward. That's what I want." She felt a warm glow in her stomach as she watched Elizabeth struggle, groping for her asshole with her feet in the air. She could see Elizabeth fighting to regain some dignity as she settled back into place; she could see that dignity slip away again as the girl remembered her instructions, put her fingers on her pussy lips, and slowly spread them apart. Dana paused for a moment to enjoy the view: the city lights, the wall of high-rise windows shining in the night sky, with Elizabeth's debased reflection superimposed over it all. She let Elizabeth lie quietly for a minute, let her exposure sink in. Then she spoke again.

"I notice you keep your eyes away from the window. You keep focusing on something else, or else you close your eyes. So look out the window now. Think of the people watching you, and look them in the eye."

Dana waited patiently as Elizabeth squeezed her eyes shut, shuddered, and

reluctantly turned to face her reflection. She caught Elizabeth's eye and saw her whimper; her pussy clenched, and she pressed on. "Now take the dildo in one hand," she said, "and the ruler in the other. Stick the dildo in your cunt and fuck yourself. Every few strokes, pull the dildo out and smack your pussy a few times with the ruler. Then do it all again. And keep your eyes on the people watching you."

"Here's the picture they're getting. They see a woman who goes into a hotel room and puts on a free sex show. They see a woman who opens her curtains, strips, jumps up and down to get their attention, then opens her legs, puts a gag in her mouth and a plug in her asshole, and spansks herself on the pussy while she fucks herself. All for them to see. And they're looking you in the eye. You can't hide from them. They know who you are."

The dildo was a squishy plastic one, a lurid pinky-tan with prominent veins. She could see Elizabeth cringe as she slid it into her visibly wet pussy; she watched her flinch as she pulled it out, gripped the ruler, and gave her clit a few hesitant smacks. It was all gone now: the arrogance, the composure, the sense of entitlement. She had stripped the woman down to a trashy slut giving a free sex show to strangers with nasty toys from a corner porn shop. Dana took a deep breath and delivered the final blow.

"I'm leaving now," she said. "I have another hotel room across the street, with my own telescope. I expect you to keep up the show for another hour. You can do any nasty degrading thing to yourself that you like, but keep the ball gag in, and keep your eyes on the window. If I don't like what I see, I'm coming back, and you won't be happy about that." She paused. "If I do like what I see, I won't be back. In an hour you can shut the curtain and do what you want. The room's paid up for the night. Checkout's at noon. It's been lovely."

Dana dropped the room key on the floor and left Elizabeth on the bed, violating herself, alarmed, shivering, near tears. She whistled quietly as she shut the door and rode the elevator to the lobby. She caught a cab in front of the hotel, and told the driver to take her home. oob

the way and dive face first into Freckles' damp musky wetness. Her pussy is inviting, the hair neatly trimmed, big plump lips, and a swollen clit to nibble on. She groans loudly as I pry apart her inner lips with the point of my tongue. Behind me someone pushes against my ass, but I don't want to break the rhythm to see who it is, so I try to guess.

From between creamy waitress thighs, I say, "Dana, that must be you." But no one answers. Whoever it is makes a beeline for my ass—strokes my asshole with insistent fingertips.

I feel the fingertips pull away as Dana gets pushed down on the bed next to me. Kevin spreads her legs and slips fingers into her audibly wet cunt. "Can you take more?" she says. And Dana practically growls, "I can take whatever you can dish out."

"Alright then." Kevin reaches straight for her G spot. Dana arches her back and groans as Kevin pushes harder. "Oh yeah, fuck me," she says. "Fuck that hole, hurt it, break it."

And Kevin does. She pumps her fingers in and out, and the energy that those two create momentarily stops the rest of us. Dana yells so loud even the waitress looks up. "Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit," she says. "Oh fuck, oh god."

"Aw hell yeah," says Susan as she takes Dana's place behind me. The thing that drives me nuts is ass-fucking, and Susan can tell, so she goes at my ass like there is no tomorrow and I can feel the tension building. "Please," I say. And then, it's happening. Like something blossoming between my legs. Pure pleasure. I am so happy at this moment. I am always happy when I come.

I roll over and I press my sweaty forehead to Dana's abdomen and laugh out loud at the bed full of naked dykes. "I never got this much action in San Francisco. Thank god for Damron."

Freckles sits up, pushes her sweaty hair away from her forehead, and says, "Do you think I'm waiting tables at Bob's Big Boy for the tips?"

Annie Stangl is working on a book of motorcycle stories.

media.whore

compiled by Diana Cage
+ Marie McAllister



▲ "I think we did very little. I was very concerned that we did not do enough. It was a tricky thing because we had to focus on the love story between her and Diego."

Salma Hayek on portraying Frida Kahlo's bisexuality in The Advocate

"We have to be very careful. This is a real family show. It's now a brand."

American Idol co-executive producer Nigel Lythgoe on eliminating Frenchie Davis from the show after discovering she had modeled for an adult Web site



▲ "I was quite confused, really... Imagine being a sex symbol and you have these feelings! I kept thinking I was always going to meet the right man, but I never did. Kept waiting for this knight in shining armor. 'When's he coming? He's taking a long time, isn't he?'"

Eighties pop singer and sexpot Samantha Fox, on coming out as a dyke in the Guardian Unlimited Observer

"Testosterone is the female equivalent of Viagra."

Irwin Goldstein, M.D., director of the Institute of Sexual Medicine at Boston University of Medicine on prescribing testosterone to women with low libido in Vogue

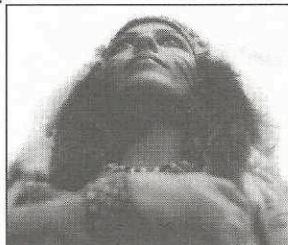
"I will not be an agent of the state that withholds from same-sex couples the array of rights and privileges it extends to heterosexual couples."

Reverend F. Jay Deacon of the Unitarian Society of Northampton, Massachusetts, on his refusal to sign marriage licenses until the state lifts its ban on gay marriage on Planetout



▲ "I think lesbians are very big in Hollywood, and I think they use their husbands' money, power, and name. And yet there's this sort of underground lesbian kind of thing going on when the guy's away on location, when he's not around. There's this great underground network of beautiful women who really prefer other beautiful women."

Jackie



"While in the middle of buying a home...I decided this was too stable of a move for me. I was sitting in a gay bar watching pornos, and then a light bulb went off in my head. Oh my God, instead of buying a house I'm going to make a porno."

Linda Perry in The Advocate

Hold On



Shop

where your

**Girlfriends
Shop!**

www.MikoExoticwear.com

Harnesses
Silicone Toys - Books
Sexy & Romantic Things



New Silicone Toys
from Germany

**Call 1.800.421.6646
for information
and to order**

**MIKO
Exoticwear**

653 North Main Street, Providence, RI 02904
800.421.6646 Fax 401.455.0253
e-mail wholesale@MikoExoticwear.com
www.MikoExoticwear.com

GREAT NEW ANGLES ON SEX!



LIBERATOR
BEDROOM ADVENTURE GEAR

HERLIBERATOR.COM
FREE catalog, toll free 1. 866. 542. 7283



SPRING'S
Flowers
Bring
May's
Showers.



HAND CRAFTED SILICONE
ADULT PRODUCTS

WWW.KINKYCOBBLER.COM
MADE IN CANADA

VENUS ENVY

a store for women and the people who love them

Introducing...

Buzz
1 & 2



100% silicone
harness compatible
quiet
multi-speed
3 fabulous colors

*Mention this ad and receive a free
silicone toy with your next order!*

to order 1.877.370.9288
www.venusenvy.ca

110 parent avenue, ottawa • 613.789.4646
1598 barrington street, halifax • 902.422.0004

Leave the nasty
stinky fat-hating
world behind, friends.
Come frolic, flirt,
feed your mind, and
launch some
liberation!

It'll be fattastic!

Be there, July 4-6!

XOXO, NOLOSE

Nat'l Organization for Lesbians Of Size
All fat or fat-positive lesbians, bi- or queer-
women, and our trans allies welcome.

www.nolose.org
conference@nolose.org
(718) 622-7631

dildos, butches,
+ femmes...

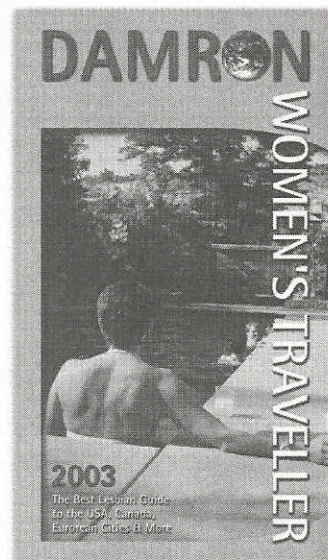


oh my!

best selling and award winning
100% dyke produced

www.sirvideo.com

Let's get wet!



Dive into
the 2003 edition
of the
Damron
Women's Traveller!

Packed with thousands of
listings, plus a thoroughly
expanded calendar.

Do you have *your* copy yet?

Call 800/462-6654 to order,
and ask about our other
LGBT-friendly travel guides.

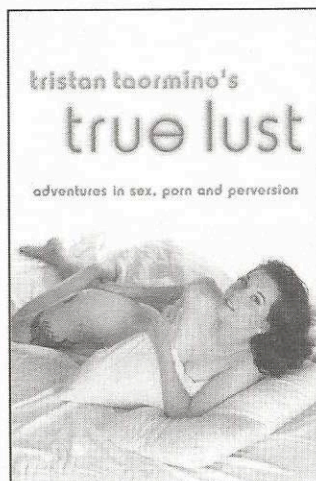
Can't wait? Order at
www.damron.com and check
out the latest updates in our
searchable database.

DAMRON

The first name and the last word in gay travel guides for over 35 years

Tristan Taormino's True Lust

Adventures in Sex, Porn and Perversion



"She's irresistible...
an underground icon
from coast to coast."
—*Adult Video News*

The bestselling author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and editor of the *Best Lesbian Erotica* series blows the lid off sexual propriety with her behind-the-scenes, first-hand peek at America's hot spots.

\$14.95
ISBN: 1-57344-157-0

Best Fetish Erotica

Edited by Cara Bruce

\$14.95
ISBN: 1-57344-146-5



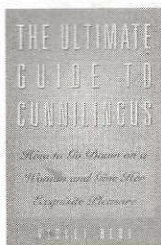
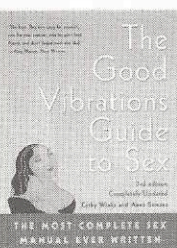
Best Lesbian Erotica 20/03
Edited by Tristan Taormino
Selected and Introduced by Cheryl Clarke
\$14.95
ISBN: 1-57344-161-9

The Good Vibrations Guide To Sex

The Most Complete Sex Manual Ever

Written
Third Edition
Cathy Winks and Anne Semans
Illustrated by Phoebe Gloeckner

\$24.95
ISBN: 1-57344-158-9



The Ultimate Guide to Cunnilingus

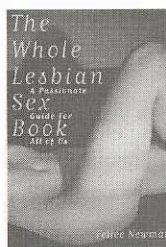
How to Go Down on a Woman and Give Her Exquisite Pleasure

Violet Blue
\$14.95
ISBN: 1-57344-144-9

The Whole Lesbian Sex Book

A Passionate Guide For All Of Us

Felice Newman
\$24.95
ISBN: 1-57344-088-4



Available from your favorite bookseller...
Cleis Press (800) 780-2279 or www.cleispress.com

announcements

SOUTHERN WOMYN'S FESTIVAL 2003 May 8th-May 12th, located one hour west of Atlanta, GA. Enjoy 4 days and nights of Entertainment, Arts and Crafts all in the company of like-minded womyn! Holly Near, Cris Williamson, Ember Swift, Ubaka Hill. www.gaywomyn.org or call 904-725-8079

KLUB TANTRA: xxx-otic, upscale Party/Club for women who love women. Come get pampered! For more information and a nude poster of our sexy Hostesses, send \$5 to Night Eyez Entertainment P.O. Box 297 Bremerton, WA 98337

internet shopping

MAGIC CONE - A unique device that allows women to urinate from a standing position. **MAGIC CONE** - Ideal for use in: Public Toilets, Plane, Buses, Trains, Boats, Camping, Hiking, Theatres, Clubs & Bars, During Pregnancy and After Surgery. www.MagicCone.com or Toll Free: 877-667-8392

sex toys

All the latest lesbian videos coming to you every month! Contact New Victoria Videos, P.O. Box 810, Norwich, VT 05055, call 800-326-5297 or e-mail: newvic@aol.com for information on renting by mail.

OnOurBacks CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

\$35 for up to 40 words.
\$30 for six issues.

Category:.....

Bold Headline (up to 5 words):

Ad Copy:.....

The information below is confidential yet necessary to process ads.

Name.....

Address.....

City.State.Zip.....

Telephone.....

Mail to: On Our Backs Magazine Classifieds
3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110
Fax: 415.648.4705 E-mail: laura@girlfriendsmag.com

Grand Opening!

Sexuality Boutique

Now Bi-Coastal!

NEW LOCATION!

Los Angeles

8442 Santa Monica Blvd.
West Hollywood
CA 90069
323-848-6970

Boston

318 Harvard St., Ste. 32
Brookline
MA 02446
617-731-2626

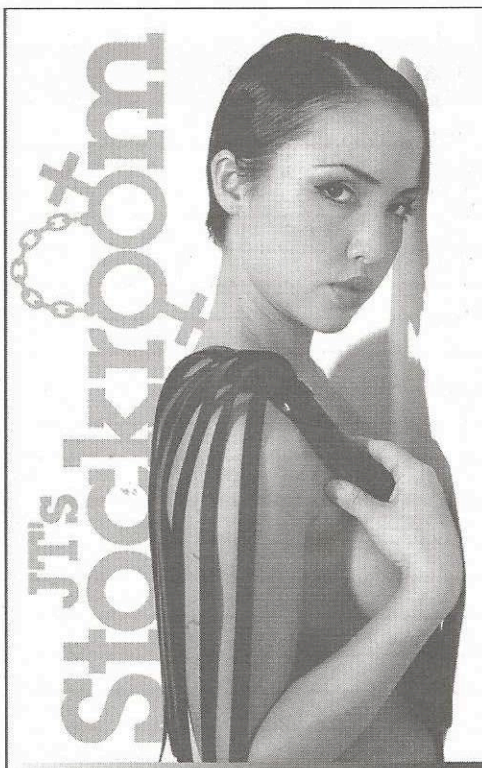
Kim is holding
the **Rabbit Pearl**,
our most popular
Japanese vibrator.

Toll free:

1-877-731-2626

Kim Airs,
Proprietrix
photo: Frank Curran

www.grandopening.com



Quality Gear at Affordable Prices
www.stockroom.com

For photo catalog, send \$3.00 to:
JT's Stockroom
2140 Hyperion Ave, Dept BK
Los Angeles, CA 90027
1-800-755-TOYS

backtalk

Have you ever been caught **FUCKING?**

compiled by Gina de Vries

Study Buddies

My high school girlfriend and I weren't out to our parents so we told them she was my math tutor. One night, we were fooling around so heavily that we couldn't hear anything—not even my mother knocking on my bedroom door! My mom walked in right as my girlfriend climaxed. My girlfriend yelled, "Get out! You're ruining this!" Needless to say, it explained my unimproved grade in algebra. *Stef*

Parked and Plowed

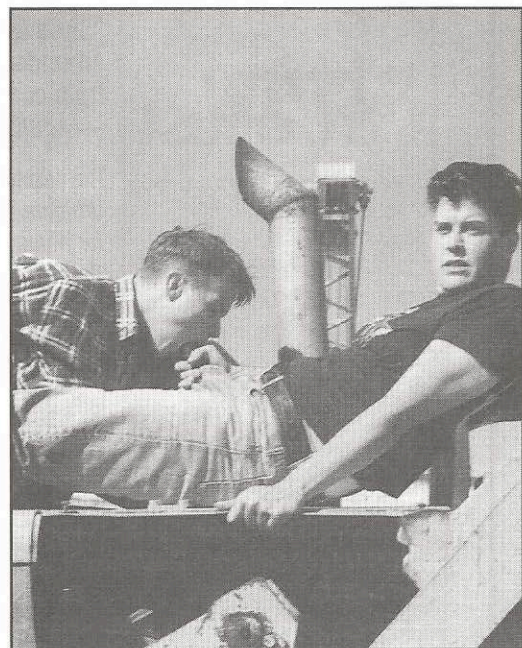
My butch and I were parked in her truck in the back lot of my dorm where we thought we were safe from prying eyes. Her pierced tongue was deep inside my cunt and her fingers were plowing my ass when there came a knock on the window and a blinding flash of light that pretty much exposed everything. I scrambled for cover as my butch calmly licked her fingers, threw the one finger salute to the security guard, slid behind the wheel, and drove away. *Angelise*

Family Values

I'm a married bi girl, and one night while out at a bar, I picked up this cute lil thing. On our way back from the girl's room we were in the middle of a very nice kiss when I felt a tap on my shoulder. There was my brother-in-law's smiling face. Now he knows a little more about me than I ever wanted to share with my husband's younger brother. *Sarah*

Best Roommate Ever

My girlfriend and I were so broke for a while we had to sell our bed. Our new roommate had a spare one in her room, so when she was gone we made ourselves at home. We were in the process of making ourselves at home for the third time one night when she walked in. We yanked up the sheet and pretended to be asleep, realizing too late that there were clothes and sex toys strewn



RICKY LEE

all over the floor. Roomie was unfazed by having naked people in her room, and she went to bed. We waited for her to fall asleep and went back to fucking. *Johnny*

Highway to Heaven

I was fingering my girlfriend as we drove along Highway 1. We were both so excited that it was impossible to concentrate on driving. I spied a turnoff, jammed on the brakes, brought the truck to a swerving stop, and proceeded to finish fucking her. She howled in ecstasy, my fingers thrust deep inside of her. It was only after she had an orgasm that we realized I had stopped the truck in front of someone's house. Every window was open, and there was a woman looking out, staring at us with her mouth hanging open. *Moonshadow*

Natural Delights

I live in Washington, D.C., and I met this hot girl from out of town. So I took her to the Washington Monument for a romantic late-night picnic. Just as we were naked rolling around in the grass under our blanket at the base of America's largest dildo, a group of Japanese tourists came by and started taking pictures of us. *C*

tell us! What is your secret kink?

Let us know by April 5, 2003, and we'll send you a free issue. Write **On Our Backs** 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail: onourbacks@onourbacksmag.com.



<http://personals.onourbacksmag.com>

ONLINE
PERSONALS

OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX



cowgrrlkit

More about who I'm looking for:

"Someone who loves to eat and doesn't think I'm crazy for going out for Chinese buffet 2 times a week. Someone who appreciates good winter hats."



misshay

Why you should get to know me:

"I might be looking for someone just like you. I am assertive, intelligent, and compassionate."



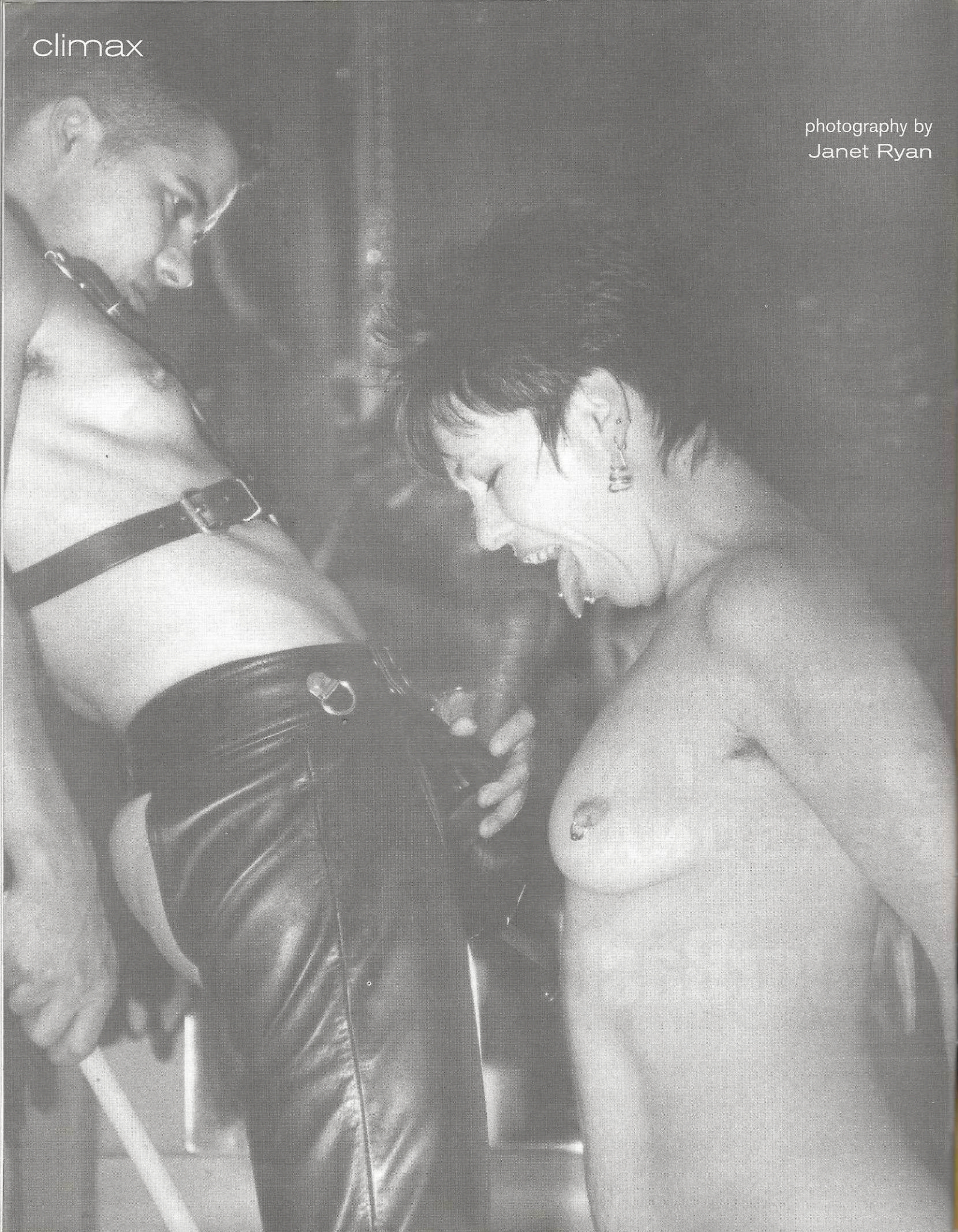
madna

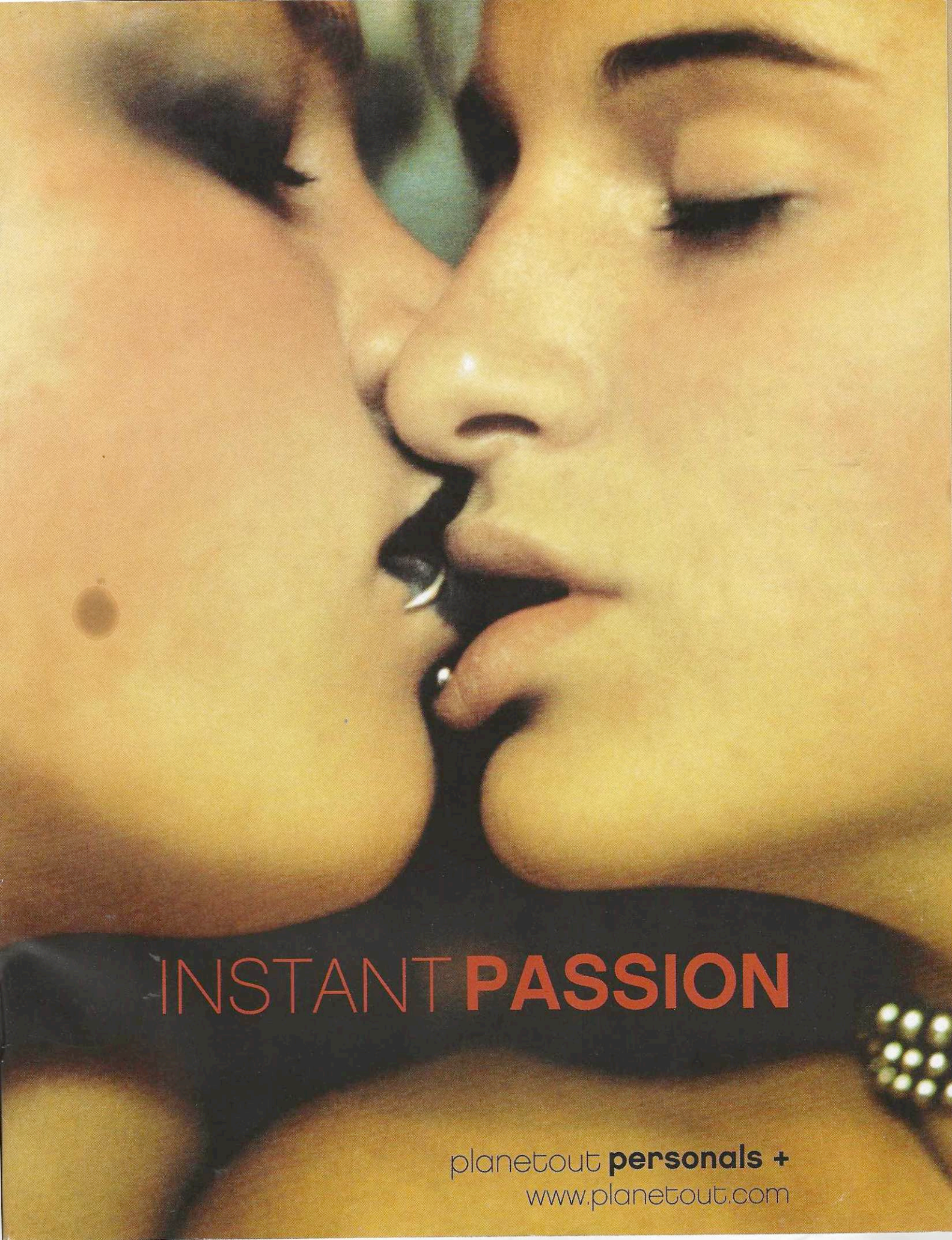
More about who I'm looking for:

"Someone to challenge me, tempt me, tease me, humor me, impress me, tickle me (everywhere)."

climax

photography by
Janet Ryan





INSTANT **PASSION**

planetout **personals** +
www.planetout.com

Did you know...

- GOOD VIBRATIONS HAS BEEN AROUND FOR OVER 25 YEARS!
- GOOD VIBRATIONS CUSTOMER SERVICE STAFF RECEIVE 30 HOURS OF SEX ED TRAINING—HIT THEM UP FOR THE MOST UP-TO-DATE AND NONJUDGMENTAL SEX INFO AROUND!
- GOOD VIBRATIONS IS A DEMOCRATICALLY RUN WOMEN-OWNED AND WORKER-OWNED CO-OP WITH A STAFF OF OVER A HUNDRED!
- GOOD VIBRATIONS HAS THREE RETAIL STORES, INCLUDING OUR JUST-OPENED POLK STREET SHOP IN SAN FRANCISCO!

...So stop by today!

1620 POLK STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

1210 VALENCIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

2504 SAN PABLO AVE.
BERKELEY



A TISKET, A TASKET, CHECK OUT MY BASKET

RABBIT HABIT
\$82

I RUB MY DUCKIE
\$20

POWERHOUSE BULLET
\$32

GOOD VIBRATIONS

1.800.BUY.VIBE WWW.GOODVIBES.COM

